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Daily Mirror

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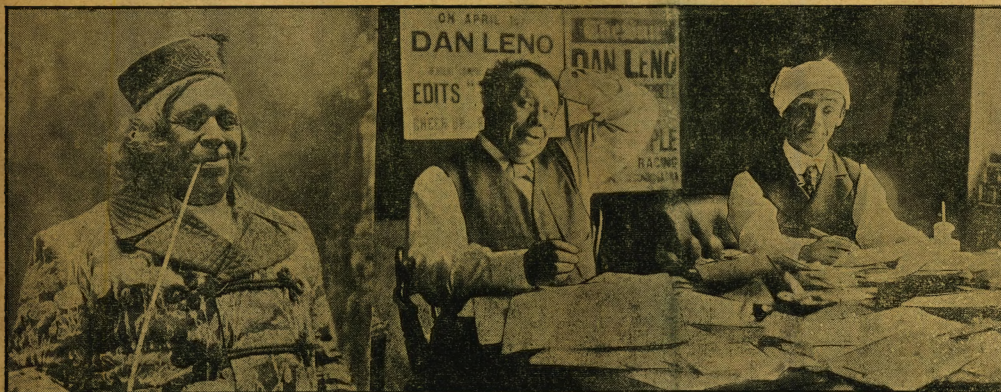
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WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE LATE MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL AND SOME OF HIS PANTOMIME CHARACTERS.



Mr. Campbell in some of his more successful roles. In the centre picture he is assisting Mr. Dan Leno to edit the "Sun."



As a schoolboy.



In private life.



In a serious mood.



Three different aspects of the most infectious smile, which made all London roar with laughter.—(Photographs by W. Davey, Islington.)

AMUSEMENTS

1 5 GUINEAS—WEEK IN LOVELY LUCERNE. A fortnight for 7 guineas. Also Tours to Grindelwald, Zermatt, Chamonix, The Engadine. Parties leave on nearly every day.

9 GUINEAS. NORWEGIAN FORTUNE CRUISE, or "The Cruise of the 'Lauritzen'." Large ship, 6000 tons, 1st class cabin, Baltic Cruise, July 30, visiting Gothenburg, Elsinore, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Gotland, Hamburg, Kiel, etc., returning August 18. Parties leave on nearly every day.

1 GUINEAS—WEEK IN BONNIE SCOTLAND, including return ticket, dining-car train, and weeks's excellent accommodation. Special series of daily Excursions to Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Dundee, Inverness, Perth, Walsbaden and the favourite resorts. Extensions to Heilsberg, Black Forest, etc.

1 GUINEA—WEEK IN PARIS, including second-class return ticket, 7 days' accommodation, and Excursions to Fontainebleau, Versailles, Drive in Paris, etc. Polytechnic School, Eiffel Tower, etc.

302, Euston Road, London.

STEP IN THE "DAILY MIRROR" WEST END OFFICE, 45, NEW BOND ST., AND BUY A CAMERA FOR 3/9.

RED SEA PIRATES.

P. & O. Liner To Be Taken to Russia.

GRAVE POSITION.

Will England Order Mediterranean Fleet To Interfere?

TRADERS' EXCITEMENT.

English opinion is roused over Russian piracy in the Red Sea. General indignation is felt over the predatory act of the "volunteer" cruiser St. Petersburg in taking captive the P. and O. liner Malacca, and running up the Russian flag at her masthead. Commanded by Russian officers, and manned by a Russian crew, the Malacca is now proceeding down the Suez Canal, bound, it is stated by Lloyd's and Reuter, for Liban, in the Baltic.

Once there the Malacca—unless our Government intervenes meantime—will be indicted before a Russian prize court, and possibly claimed as a spoil of war, as happened some weeks ago to the Allanton, which was condemned in a prize court at Vladivostok.

Then the fat will be in the fire. Such an incident cannot possibly be allowed to pass.

AN UGLY FEATURE.

Earl Percy last night stated for the second time that the matter was of the gravest importance, and would receive the earliest consideration of the Government.

"Careful inquiries are being made into the circumstances," Earl Percy added.

While this inquiry proceeds, it is understood that the Mediterranean fleet will make a move towards striking distance, in case Russia should need a lesson in international good manners.

The duplicity of the St. Petersburg, is the ugly feature of the incident. There is no precedent within the last hundred years for the trick played by this Russian pirate ship.

She left the Black Sea as a merchant steamer, passed through the Dardanelles in this guise, coaled at Port Said, and then steamed through the Suez Canal into the Red Sea, where she changed her peaceful and respectable appearance for one of rapine and plunder.

Beginning her voyage as a trader, she turned to a ship-of-war while at sea.

To do this she must have carried guns concealed in her hold, while her officers and men chuckled at their deep-laid scheme, unabashed by the Russian sense of honour.

"Even a Turk would scruple at an act to which a Tartar easily descends," said a City merchant yesterday.

Admiral Sir E. Fremantle said: "Were I Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean I should take the law into my own hands, and order my ships to convey British merchantmen through the Red Sea."

ACTION OF PIRATES.

In an interview with a *Mirror* representative, one of the heads of the P. and O. explained that the Malacca sailed from Antwerp carrying ordinary miscellaneous cargo. She was neither a mail steamer nor a collier, and was bound for Chinese and Japanese ports.

The action of the St. Petersburg reminded him of the days when pirates used to fly the death's-head and cross-bones. A warship was fully entitled to see any steamers "manifest" and overhaul her cargo on suspicion.

But the St. Petersburg had no right to pose as a warship; and he thought it very likely that the British Government would demand damages or enforce the obvious alternative.

He could not say in detail what the Malacca carried, as the P. and O. accepted the declaration of merchants, and did not pry into the contents of packages.

Far from his mind, however, was any fear that piano cases or the like might be found to contain Long Tom.

Russian high-handedness has depressed the Berlin Bourse, and created general disquietude. British Consols fell yesterday as low as 88½, having been as high as 89 13-16 last week.

Lloyd's, too, are expected to raise the insurance rates in view of the new danger that has arisen to merchant ships in the Red Sea.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT CARDIFF.

Excitement was caused in commercial circles at the Cardiff Docks in consequence of private communications from London advising merchants to suspend chartering operations owing to feared political complications. Rumours of new and serious developments in connection with the war between Russia and Japan came to hand about midday, but were at first discredited.

Later on the rumours were confirmed, and in many cases negotiations were broken off, operations being by mutual consent suspended until today. It was stated that these rumours were regarded so seriously on the Baltic Exchange that business there was absolutely suspended.

NOT SO HOT.

Temporary Break in the Scorching Weather—Pathetic Death from Heat.

MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE YESTERDAY.

Shade—75 deg.

Bright sunshine and refreshing breezes were the characteristics of yesterday's weather. The maximum shade temperature registered during the day was 75 deg., a mere trifle after the sultry weather of the last week.

Last night the barometer was slowly but steadily falling, and changeable weather may be expected to-day, with a westerly wind. The Meteorological Office predicts some rain in the South of England and thunder of a local nature. There is not likely, however, to be any permanent break in the warm and fine weather.

Thunderstorms have already been experienced in the south of England, and in Jersey were especially severe. The lightning struck the turret of Beau Coin Castle, the residence of Mr. T. Gladstone, a nephew of the great statesman.

The year's arrears of sunshine have now been fully made up. On last Monday night 733 hours of sunshine had been recorded, as against 732 hours for the same period of 1903, and a full day of sunshine yesterday puts the current year well ahead of its predecessor.

The country districts are now beginning to be affected seriously by the prolonged drought. In South Lincolnshire the crops are parched and short in the stem. They will be harvested at the end of July, a full fortnight earlier than had been anticipated.

Large shoals of mackerel have been making their way up the Ribble estuary during the last few days, and the fishermen of Southport and Lytham have made huge hauls of this fish, and also salmon, at every tide. The fishermen say that it is most unusual for mackerel to enter the Ribble, and their doing so is a certain sign of continuance of the hot weather. Mackerel are being sold in Lancashire coast towns at two a penny.

THE PRINCE'S SYMPATHY.

At St. Pancras Railway Station on Monday night William McKay, who was formerly butler to the Prince of Wales, died suddenly from heart failure, due to the heat. His Royal Highness has expressed his sincere sympathy with the young lady whom McKay was very shortly to have married.

Three inquests were yesterday held by Dr. Danford Thomas on the bodies of persons who died from the heat. They were: Mary Cook, seventy-two, of Paddington; Andrew Smith, of Marylebone; and Elizabeth Lawson, of Tottenham Court-road.

MOTIENLING FIGHT.

Russians Out-Generalled and Out-Fought.

There is no development of the situation at Port Arthur, but further details of the fighting at Motienling on Sunday show that General Keller's forces, which are estimated at about 30,000 men, were badly routed, the Russian casualties being 2,000 and the Japanese 300. The Russians were out-generalled and out-fought at every point.

General Keller attempted to cut through the centre of the Japanese line and break away to the south-east.

General Kuroki's scouts have arrived within ten miles of Liao-yang.

From St. Petersburg it is reported that one of the two ships purchased by Russia and a Russian torpedo-boat have been destroyed by striking mines when entering Vladivostok harbour.

A Reuter telegram from St. Petersburg states that M. Delcassé will go to St. Petersburg next week to confer with Count Lansdown.

KILLED HIS EMPLOYER.

The story of the death struggle between Robert John Allen, a mason's apprentice, and Mr. Charles Lowes, a monumental mason and town councillor, was retold at Durham Assizes yesterday, when the lad was indicted for the murder of his employer.

When charged with the murder, which was done in the course of a struggle with an iron bar, Allen replied: "I meant it for some time." But counsel for defence asked the jury to return a verdict of manslaughter rather than murder.

This the jury did, and Allen was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

RADICAL HOPES FOR OSWESTRY.

There were thirty-one nominations of Mr. Bridgeman, and twenty-six of Mr. Bright, for the West Shropshire division of Oswestry yesterday. The Radicals claim that this fairly represents the reduced majority by which the Unionists will retain the seat.

Princess Victoria is now convalescent, and will soon be able to move about her rooms. No more bulletins will be issued.

PIER BURNED DOWN.

Fire Causes Hurried Exit of a Concert Audience.

Great excitement was caused at Portsmouth and Southsea yesterday afternoon by a destructive fire, which resulted in almost complete demolition of the South Parade pier and the concert pavilion.

The pier, which is situated at the eastern end of Southsea Esplanade, was erected twenty-five years ago, and is about 500 feet long, and has a large concert-hall at the seaward extremity.

A concert was in progress when the alarm was raised. Fortunately, the audience was small, and was able to escape without a panic occurring.

A strong easterly breeze was blowing, and the hose on the pier was totally inadequate to check the flames, which spread rapidly, enveloping the pavilion and refreshment rooms, and making such headway that the roof of the concert-hall fell in within an hour of the fire being discovered.

The Forfar and Kincardine Militia, encamped close by, were first on the scene to render assistance. They were able to check the spread of the flames landwards by cutting away a portion of the decking of the pier.

The Royal Marine Artillery from Eastney Barracks, and the Portsmouth police fire brigade arrived promptly, and assistance was also sent from the dockyard, two tugs steaming round.

The work of destruction was completed within an hour and a half, only a portion of the land end of the pier being saved.

The progress of the fire was witnessed by thousands of people. The spectacle, as the large pavilion burnt itself out was a particularly striking one.

RESCUED BY BOAT.

An exciting incident was the rescue of two men from the pier head—one an employee, who had gone there to endeavour to render assistance, and the other a visitor. Their retreat by way of the pier was seen to be cut off, and fears were entertained for their ultimate safety. A coastguard cutter was sent from the adjacent signal station, and the two were brought ashore amid hearty cheers from the crowd.

The artists fulfilling engagements on the pier have lost all their costumes, music, and effects, and the party who were giving a performance at the time of the outbreak had a narrow escape, some of them having to make their way through dense smoke and flames. The fire is believed to have originated from a lighted cigarette or cigar thrown on the deck of the pier.

One of the large excursion boats plying between the Isle of Wight, Southsea, and Portsmouth Harbour approached soon after the outbreak, but seeing the condition of affairs, stood off and disembarked her passengers at the Clarence Pier, at the other end of the Esplanade.

CARD-SHARPING COUNTS.

Three Brothers Imitate "The Heathen Chinee."

A sensational trial in Posen has resulted in Count Johann Brinski being sentenced to three months' imprisonment, a fine of three thousand marks, and one month's imprisonment for attempted cheating at cards and challenging to a duel. Another brother was acquitted, and a third was released on sureties.

Adding to the evidence the two brothers entertained large parties of guests at their residence, and on one occasion, on investigation being made, the two counts were, it is alleged, found to have cards up their sleeves and in their pockets and under the tablecloth.—Reuter.

MASTERPIECES STOLEN.

From the cellars of the Grand Palais, where pictures bequeathed to the State are stored, five valuable paintings are missing, having been neatly cut out of their frames.

They are: Two Oriental canvases by Eugene Girardot, two Breton scenes by Souza Pinto, and a religious picture by Ralli.—Laffan.

FIRST SINCE THE REFORMATION.

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, one of the six Cardinal Bishops of the Sacred College, arrives in London to-day from Rome, via the Suez, to represent the Pope at the consecration of the new cathedral of Armagh on Sunday next.

It is stated that the Cardinal is the bearer of an autograph letter from the Pope to King Edward. It is an interesting fact, says Reuter's Agency, that this is probably the first time that a Cardinal has come from Rome as Legate of the Holy See to the British Isles since the Reformation.

OFFICIAL NEWS FROM TIBET.

A telegram from the Tibet expeditionary force, forwarded to the Secretary of State for India, states that Private Gillimore, of the 8th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, has died from effects of gunpowder explosion.

All the wounded officers are doing well.

KING AT LIVERPOOL.

Picturesque Incidents at the Cathedral Ceremony.

LORD MAYOR KNIGHTED.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LIVERPOOL, Tuesday.

Great Britain's second greatest city greeted her King and Queen to-day with no stint of honour and holiday.

Their Majesties had arrived from London to lay the foundation-stone of the new cathedral.

At the entrance to the town hall the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress met the King and Queen. The trumpeters at the foot of the grand staircase raised a fierce fanfare, and their Majesties passed to the lunch about which had been many heartburnings for the guests were limited to fifty, and of these the majority were ecclesiastics.

While the King and the Bishops were eating their lunch at the Town Hall, the sightseers were gathering on the great Grand Stand which had been erected on the site of the new cathedral. Six thousand, who had paid either a guinea or two guineas for their narrow board seats, thronged the huge wooden structure.

QUAINT CHOIR BOYS.

Boys of the cathedral choir, in black skull caps with a little red button on top like so many Chinese mandarins, dodged energetically in and out, selling programmes and a printed book of the official service.

A little later, headed by their band, the sailor laddies from the training ships marched up, followed soon by the police band and a section of the ambulance corps.

There then filed on to the stand facing the dais the cathedral choir of nearly 1,500 men and boys, dressed in white surplices, heralded by the band playing a solemn march.

The clergy in hundreds gathered from miles around and from every parish in the diocese, surpliced in hoods of many colours, followed the choir. It was fully half an hour before the procession had passed into their places and the last red-hooded D.D. had filed in before the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Liverpool with their crested bearers.

At half-past three, after the King had honoured Lord Mayor Hampton with a knighthood, their Majesties started out for the real business of the day—the laying of the foundation-stone.

Driving in a carriage of special design, called appropriately enough a "Liverpool landau," they proceeded slowly through the streets.

When their Majesties arrived at the dais, they seemed surprised and delighted by the strangely beautiful effect of the two thousand surpliced figures spread out before them. His Majesty gave a long salute, and the cheers died down.

His Majesty, speaking clearly and well, called for the blessing of the Almighty upon the work of building the Cathedral, and he prayed that it might come to a successful issue.

IMPRESSIVE SERVICE.

The Archbishop of York opened the special service, which their Majesties followed devoutly and closely. It was the largest and most impressive open-air service—indeed, one of the most impressive it has ever been the lot of even the King and Queen to take part in, and as they stood side by side on the dais, facing the thronging thousands and the mighty choir, they must themselves have thought so.

After the Anthem the King laid the gold trowel over the cement and the stone slowly descended. The King applied the level and beat the stone with the mallet.

It was done. A cathedral was founded for Christ. And on the stone was filly graven these words:—

"Our foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

Shortly after five the King embarked on his yacht for Swansea.

In the evening at Liverpool a treat was given to 1,100 aged poor and the Crimean and Indian veterans. At dusk there were illuminations all over the city and the parks were lighted.

JERSEY SWEPT BY CYCLONE.

Jersey has been visited by a cyclonic thunder-storm, which has done thousands of pounds damage.

Trees were uprooted, and the house "Beaconia," at St. Brelades, struck by lightning and destroyed by fire. The loss is only partly covered by insurance.

Heavy torrential rains fell, and the atmosphere remains dull and thundery.

STRIKERS KILLED IN FRANCE.

During a procession of matchmakers, who were on strike at Cluses, near Bonneville, shots were fired at them from a factory, when three men and a woman were killed, and fifteen wounded.

The strikers at once attacked the factory, and set it on fire. The brothers Cretieux, sons of the owner of the factory, who are charged with firing on the workers, have been lodged in gaol.

WRONG RIGHTED BY THE PRESS.

Victim of the "Double" Case Released.

SPECIAL INTERVIEW.

Beck Overwhelmed with Delight at His New-found Liberty.

Adolph Beck, the man who was wrongly sentenced for crimes done by another—a mysterious "double"—was yesterday released from Brixton Gaol.

His innocence has been recognised by the Treasury, and it is confessed that a grievous wrong has been done him.

To understand what it means to have spent more than five years of one's life in prison for another man's crime and then to gain freedom at last one must have seen and talked to Beck, as a *Mirror* reporter did last night.

To have been twice convicted of crimes for which one is innocent is, let us hope, unique. Such happiness as Beck's is also unique.

Released by the Press.

The very first words he said were, "My thanks to the Press are beyond words. I have secured justice and release by the action of the Press, and the *Mirror* among the foremost."

Past sufferings Mr. Beck could not talk of. It was too happy a day. The light side of everything was what he saw.

"Brixton," he said, "is a place where one struggled for news. How was the world going on outside? Was my case really being taken up? Was there really hope that at last someone had grown to believe in my innocence?"

"Yes, I saw the *Mirror* articles," he went on, chuckling over the thought, "another prisoner told me of them first, and then next day smuggled them down to me in the exercise-yard."

"You have to learn to be pretty sharp, and I have learnt to do that sort of thing. You soon learn it when you are a prisoner."

"Here," he went on, "is a treasured memento which is going to repose in a casket all to itself, where I can see it often"—and he pulled out the stump of a pencil. "Do you notice how it is sharpened? That is done with my teeth. You are not allowed knives in prison, or pencils either, for that matter. I wanted to write sometimes, and that was my only means of doing it."

"A Demi-God to Me."

"But release is what I want to talk about. I don't want to think of the other side."

"Detective-inspector Kane and the Press are whom I have to thank. Mr. Kane is a demi-god to me at the present moment."

"Without him and the Press, I should have probably spent the rest of my life as a convict."

Then a deeper note came into Beck's voice as he went on. Every hour of his unjust imprisonment he had prayed that the unknown man for whose crimes he had been convicted might be found, and those prayers have been answered.

As he talked, one realised that it was no hysterical outburst, but firm belief which led him, while protesting his innocence from the dock, to entrust the proof of it to the hands of Providence.

But his high spirits were not to be restrained for more than a moment, and he was cheerfully forecasting the future. "I shall have a play written, and I shall act the principal part myself. I could play a prison scene well after my experience. I know all the little tricks and all the mineries."

Beck's release is believed to be the direct result of the identification so recently as Friday last of a man named William Thomas, whom Beck alleges is his "double," and who is charged with frauds on girls precisely similar to those which procured Beck's conviction.

How Release Came.

Immediately after this striking testimony to the weakness of the case against Beck, his solicitor, Mr. Williams, wrote to the Treasury authorities, formally demanding the release of his client. Mr. Williams was accorded an interview, with the result that yesterday afternoon a Judge in Chambers fixed the bail at a nominal amount, and shortly after four o'clock Beck stepped free from his prison.

He was met at the gate by his indefatigable solicitor and a friend, and shortly afterwards drove away.

Mr. Williams's next step is to apply for a complete free pardon for Beck, so that he may stand before the world cleared of the criminal charges made against him, and a victim of one of the most astounding cases of mistaken identity ever known.

One peculiar feature is that Beck, who has suffered so much, can get no monetary compensation for his imprisonment.

SOUTHWARK PORT ARTHUR.

Blackening Girls To Invest Day and Martin's with an Organ.

"You can't keep a husband and a small baby on seven and six a week." This statement was made by a small, depressed young woman who sucked the end of a door-key and stood outside Messrs. Day and Martin's blackening works in the Southwark Bridge-road.

She was one of the hundred work-girls who watch the factory as if it were Port Arthur and they were the Japanese.

Their object is to protest against reductions in wages, by which the average earnings of the girls would be no more than 7s. 6d. a week.

For two days the girls have picketed the factory. They have found a shelter from the broiling sun under a railway arch, and stop any other girls trying to get work.

They sing, dance, and do cake-walks to while away the time, and to express their discontent with the managerial arrangements of Day and Martin they have invented and sing a refrain expressive of their admirations and aversions.

If the strike does not end the girls threaten stern measures. They know of a very inferior barrel-organ which can be hired cheaply, and this they intend to play outside the factory walls.

They will turn the handle quick to represent stern, unbending defiance.

MISMANAGED ASYLUM.

Judge's Strong Criticism of an L.C.C. Establishment.

All the prisoners charged with wholesale thefts at the London County Council's Horton Asylum, near Epsom, were found guilty at the Surrey Assizes at Guildford yesterday. Ross was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, Clark and Morant to sixteen months' hard labour, and Wiles to three months' imprisonment.

In passing sentence Mr. Justice Darling said he thought the asylum was grossly mismanaged, and that enabled him to take a very lenient view of the conduct of the prisoners. There was no proper control or supervision over the men. The man who was in charge received only a salary of £200, rising to £250.

The witness Norris had stated that there were twenty-six people included in this malversation, and it would not surprise him to know that this was so. It might be that the whole management of the asylum was criminal from top to bottom.

A.B.C. OF ECONOMY.

County Court Judge on the Woes of the Waitresses.

"Aerated Bread Company waitresses are notoriously badly paid," declared Judge Woodgate yesterday at Westminster County Court, in declining to make a judgment order against an A.B.C. waitress.

"I hope the shareholders will see what the Judge said," remarked an A.B.C. girl to a *Mirror* representative. "It is impossible for a girl to live on the wages the company pay."

"In engaging us they treat us as if they were doing us a great favour. They send lady inspectors to visit our homes to see if we are respectable; we have to state what religion we belong to, and inquiries are made of the clergyman of the parish. Then they pay us 16s. a week, deduct 1s. 6d. of that for food, charge us for breakages, and won't allow us to accept gratuities."

The Aerated Bread Company pays the highest dividend of any industrial company of its class.

MORE HOOLEY CHARGES.

It was intimated by Mr. Muir, on behalf of the Treasury, during the resumed hearing of the case against Messrs. E. T. Hooley and H. J. Lawson, at Bow-street yesterday, that the magistrate would be asked to commit the defendants for trial on other charges in addition to that of defrauding Mr. Paine. He agreed, however, that at that stage it was not desirable to go into matters not strictly relevant to the present charge.

The hearing was adjourned.

NO FLIES IN THE "TUBE."

This year has so far been remarkable for the unregretted absence of the house-fly. It is possible that the cold and rains of last year killed off the surplus stock.

But house-flies are among the most prolific and ubiquitous of all pests, and though their numbers have been reduced they have not been exterminated. The only place where there are said to be none, says the "County Gentleman," is the *Twopenny Tube*, where there are no spiders either.

Three brothers who appeared at the Clerkenwell County Court were so alike in appearance and dress that the plaintiff admitted he could not swear which he served a summons upon.

MILLIONAIRE BRIDE.

Miss Rube's Wedding at Westminster Abbey.

Very impressive was the society wedding at Westminster Abbey yesterday, when the Hon. Leopold Ernest Stratford George Canning, only son of Lord and Lady Gargrave, was married to Miss Caroline Grace Elizabeth (Queenie) Rube, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rube.

The bride, who has lovely Titian-red hair, wore a wedding-dress of white satin and silver, with a long train, and she carried an exquisite Goodyear bouquet of white lilies.

The seven bridesmaids wore blue and silver—the bridegroom's colours—and carried sheaves of delicate white roses, while the train-bearers—Miss Angela Beit and Master Alec Werner—were attired in white.

After the ceremony Mrs. Rube held a reception in Belgrave-square.

All the wedding presents were on view in the music room, the most interesting were the large silver-framed mirror, the gift of the Princess of Wales, and the exquisite pearl and diamond tiara given to the bride by her parents.

The bridegroom's presents included a silver cigarette box from the Duchess of Albany, he being a godson of the late Duke, and a motor-car from Mr. Rube.

It was in this car that the bride and bridegroom started for Wales, en route for Scotland, where the honeymoon is to be spent.

KING'S CUP.

Opening of the Great Contest at Bisley—Fine Shooting.

Proceedings commenced at the nine o'clock gun-fire with three big team shoots, these being the contests for the Chancellor's Plate, the Lucas Cup, and the United Service Match.

The Highland Light Infantry won the Lucas Challenge Cup by seven points from the Lothian Brigade, the next in order of merit being the Scottish Volunteer Rifle Brigade, the Manchester Brigade, the Highland Brigade, the 3rd London Brigade, the Cheshire Brigade, and the 5th London Brigade.

In the Chancellor's Plate the scores were: Cambridge University 710, Oxford University 675.

The United Service Challenge Cup Competition resulted in a win for the Regular Army, who scored 745 points, the next in order of merit being the teams representing the Royal Marines, the Volunteers, the Royal Navy, the Militia, and the Yeomanry.

After the shooting Sergeant Moore, 2nd Devon, won the "Daily Graphic" Cup, Private Somers, 14th Middlesex, the "Daily Telegraph" Cup, and Private Stewart, 1st Forfar, the "Graphic" Cup. Nearly twenty highest possible scores were made in the first stage of the King's prize at 200 yards, and any number of 34's. The night closed in beautifully fine.

PRIMA DONNA'S PLUCK.

Sings Her Part with Two Doctors in Attendance.

The heat wave is no respecter of persons. On Monday night it almost deprived the audience at Covent Garden of the joy of listening to Mme. Calvé.

Throughout the hot spell Mme. Calvé had suffered more or less, but at her last performance she was almost prostrated by the oppressive weather, and during the evening was suffering considerable bodily pain. Her condition was so serious that between her appearances on the stage she was attended by two doctors, who continuously plied her with restoratives.

"I was only by this means, helped by her determination not to disappoint her audience, that she got through the performance."

Yesterday morning the famous singer returned to France.

ENGLAND'S UTOPIAN VILLAGE.

Elan, the site of Birmingham's new water-works, which the King is to open, is the most complete model village in England. It was built for the accommodation of the navvies engaged on the works.

Tramps seeking work are barred out until they have undergone a week's quarantine, and then those for whom there are jobs are scoured and cleaned before crossing the municipal rubicon.

The one public-house is run on unique lines. No spirits are sold, only beer, and that not to women or males under eighteen years of age. The inn is open for only five hours a day—from 12.30 noon to 2 p.m., and from 5.30 to 9 p.m.—and not at all on Sundays.

"ELECTION ANY TIME."

Mr. J. A. Pease, M.P., one of the junior Liberal whips, has the Press Association states, informed his agent at Saffron Walden that an election may come at any time. He therefore urges preparations to be made for such a contingency.

HERBERT CAMPBELL DEAD.

Twenty-Two Years in Drury Lane Pantomime.

ENGINEER TURNED COMEDIAN

Mr. Herbert Campbell, the burly, genial comedian, who has played at Drury Lane Theatre in twenty-two consecutive pantomimes, died at his residence, 28, Quadrant-road, Highbury, yesterday morning. He was sixty-one years of age, and had been on the stage for over forty years.

On Thursday last Mr. Campbell had a severe fall in getting out of his brougham, which was followed by an apoplectic stroke.

He improved a little on Saturday, and hopes were entertained of his recovery until he had a second stroke early on Sunday morning. From that time he was unconscious, had great difficulty in breathing, and gradually became weaker until the end came.

Mr. Campbell leaves a widow and an adopted daughter to mourn his loss.

Proud of Being a Cockney.

Born in London, Mr. Herbert Campbell was a genuine Cockney at heart, and never changed his sentiments during his long and successful career. When brother artists discoursed upon the delights of travel in America, South Africa, and Australia, he would exclaim, "It may be all right for you boys, but old London is good enough for me."

His parents intended Herbert Campbell to be an engineer, and he was duly apprenticed to Armstrong's gun factory at Woolwich.

The stage, however, had always held a great fascination for him, and eventually he decided to join a touring nigger minstrel show. Mr. Campbell stayed in the "burnt cork" business for a few years, and made his first appearance on the musical stage at Collins's, Islington-green.

In the year 1871 he first appeared in pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool.

"No Wonder I Was Peevish."

It was at Drury Lane Theatre that he came more prominently before the general London public, and where most of his best songs were produced. He was associated for no less than seventeen years with Dan Leno.

One of his most successful pantomimes was the "Babes in the Wood," in 1889, when Harry Nicholls and himself played the parts of the babies.

The sight of the two colossal infants in the perambulator used to cause roars of laughter.

After crying for a few seconds and being spanked by his nurse, Herbert would draw out a pin, three feet long, and exclaim, tearfully, "No wonder I was peevish."

Some of his best-remembered songs were, "I'm none of your 'lighty, flighty girls,'" "When you come to think of it," "They're all very fine and large," and "They call me the poor little stow-away."

In spite of his popularity Campbell received a comparatively small salary at the halls; but he was of a frugal disposition, and saved far more than his fellow artists who earned three times as much money.

His most lucrative engagement was at Drury Lane Theatre, and a few years ago his salary was nearly doubled on account of his general utility and hard work in the Christmas production.

The Last Pantomime.

The last pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre was the hardest experience Herbert Campbell ever went through for many seasons. In talking with a *Mirror* representative the night before the show closed the comedian said: "I have had twenty-two seasons at the old Lane, and I think this will be my last. I shall never forget it. My leg has been giving me a great deal of trouble, and I want to rest more and take things quietly. I may work a few weeks in the summer at the old halls where I have been for so many years, but, generally speaking, I shall retire and look after my music hall interests."

Mr. Campbell was at the time of his death chairman of the Grand Music Hall at Clapham Junction; the Palace, Croydon; and the Granville, Wilham Green.

The funeral takes place at Abney Park Cemetery on Friday afternoon.

Photographs of Mr. Campbell in his various rôles appear on page 1.

BEWARE OF ICE-CREAM.

Over two hundred people are reported as having suffered from the effects of eating ice-cream recently.

In addition to the one hundred and fifty Battersea women and children who are seriously ill, some fifty persons at Ashton-under-Lyne, who partook of ice-cream, obtained from local tradesmen, have suffered severely. Mill hands going to home, and a number of colliers are among the sufferers.

£12,000 MYSTERY.

Trial of Marshall, Five Times Mayor of Retford.

THE DUKE'S MISGIVINGS.

The final stage of the criminal proceedings against George Henry Marshall, the Retford solicitor, who is accused of appropriating to his own use between twelve and thirteen thousand pounds sterling belonging to the Duke of Newcastle, was reached at Nottingham Assizes yesterday, when his trial was begun.

Evidence was not lacking that the great interest aroused in the case by the accused solicitor's sensational story of the £12,000 robbery at the Hotel Metropole, and by his subsequent arrest, had in no way diminished. There were many ladies present in the crowded court, and the Duke of Newcastle, with his present solicitor, Mr. Crookenden, occupied a seat on one of the barrister's benches. Marshall, who has been widely known and highly respected for many years in Nottinghamshire as a leading solicitor and as Mayor of Retford, pleaded "Not guilty" to the charge in a firm voice, with an air of perfect self-possession. During the day he followed the evidence with close attention, and occasionally jotted down notes.

Mr. Young, K.C., in opening the case for the prosecution, explained that although the charge was framed in different ways, what it came to was that a sum of about twelve or thirteen thousand pounds, received on behalf of the Duke of Newcastle, Marshall had appropriated to his own use. Marshall had suggested that the money had been stolen from him in January at the Hotel Metropole, London. The case for the prosecution was that this story was untrue, and that he had used the money to pay his own debts.

MARSHALL'S SOCIAL POSITION.

After recalling how Marshall had been a local magistrate, had been Mayor of Retford five times, and had kept up great style in his private life, counsel detailed the circumstances of the charge, already made known in the police court. Briefly, the allegations are that Marshall, acting for the Duke of Newcastle, sold a house in Hill-street, London, for £40,000, and out of this sum utilised a large portion for his own purposes, owing to financial difficulties.

On January 28 last Marshall arrived at the Hotel Metropole with a bag containing, according to his own account, sixteen £1,000 Bank of England notes and four of £500 each. His story was that, while he was absent from his room for a few minutes, ten of the £1,000 notes and the four £500 notes were stolen.

The whole case, said Mr. Young, at the conclusion of his opening statement, appeared to be that of an insolvent man suddenly pressed on all sides for a sum of about £20,000, which he had used for his own purposes. He had hoped he might get over his wrong dealing by having recourse to robbery and mythical statements.

The Duke of Newcastle was the first witness called for the prosecution. After stating that he and the Duchess both wrote sympathetic letters to Marshall when they first heard of the robbery, he said that after subsequent investigations he refused to have an interview with him. He was of opinion that previous to this prosecution Marshall had not always been trustworthy.

Mr. Stanger: Can your Grace tell me of any other matters.

The Duke: I don't consider the point relevant, and I don't think the jury ought to assume any injury against the defendant.

OFFICIAL RECEIVER'S DISCOVERY.

Mr. Ward, the Official Receiver in bankruptcy at Lincoln, said that instead of there being a surplus on the prisoner's estate as he had estimated there would, as a matter of fact, be a deficiency of £1,274.

Several other witnesses were called to give evidence with reference to Marshall's financial position at the time of the alleged robbery, and the hearing was then adjourned till to-day.

Marshall remained seated in the dock until the court was cleared. He appeared to be greatly agitated when the warder beckoned to him to leave, the forlorn figure which had borne him up all day apparently failing him for a moment.

A picture of the accused man appears on page 9.

CHILDREN
TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by all Chemists at 1/3 per bottle.

FOLLY AND BANK NOTES.

How a Colonial's Mind Was Affected by Taunts.

What was alleged to be an elaborate variation of "the confidence trick" was unfolded at Bow-street yesterday when Charles Page, thirty-five, was charged with obtaining £400 from Charles Thomas Prendergast. The prosecutor said he was formerly a speculator in South Africa. On April 2 he arrived at Paris from Vienna, and met the prisoner there in the company of a man named Wilson.

The day after arriving in London all three went to the Westminster Palace Hotel, where they met an elderly man, whom Wilson introduced as Mr. Cooper, who said he came from South Africa, and that an uncle had left him a large fortune.

In the course of conversation Cooper said that he generally found Australians and Colonials were, as a rule, paupers. Asked by witness what he meant he replied, "Oh, you people come here to England making out you have money, but you have only got a few pounds in your pocket." Witness thereupon produced from his pocket a deposit note for £500 on the Standard Bank of Africa as a proof that he was not a pauper.

Proof of Means.

Cooper then said he did not believe in people being wealthy on paper, and would like to see something more tangible. Wilson and prisoner at once said they could show proof of their means, and handed to Cooper a draft for £2,000 on the Bank of New Zealand. Cooper then said, "If any of you men can show me money to the amount represented on the paper I wouldn't mind giving you a present of £100 or £200 each." He pulled out a bundle of bank notes, placed them in an envelope, and handed it to the prisoner, saying, "As an earnest of what I am, take this."

Thereafter the story follows the usual course. The transaction was to take place at the solicitor's office, but after Cooper had secured £450 belonging to the guileless Prendergast both he and the prisoner disappeared.

Mr. Marshall remanded the prisoner, and ordered the Public Prosecutor to be communicated with.

VANISHED J.P.

Aged Country Gentleman Mysteriously Lost in London.

A baffling mystery surrounds the disappearance of Mr. Robert Ward, J.P., of Godston, Narberth, Pembrokeshire, who, to all intents and purposes, vanished into space outside Charing Cross Post Office on Saturday afternoon.

The lost magistrate is an aged gentleman of seventy-nine years, who was paying a short visit to London. On Saturday, about mid-day, he was seen outside the post office at Charing Cross. He then intended to take train to Cannon-street from Charing Cross Station. It cannot at present be ascertained whether he entered a train; certainly no one saw him get out at Cannon-street.

Up to a late hour last night the police had no news of Mr. Ward.

The missing magistrate's description is:—Height, 5ft. 6in. Blue serge coat and trousers; gold watch and chain, with locket containing his wife's portrait; Panama trilby hat; no waistcoat; no shirt collar. Wore a white cambric handkerchief round his neck because of a boil. Under-clothing is marked "J. W."

It is feared that he may be suffering from a temporary aberration of mind, due to the excessive heat.

SIGNS ON THE CYGNETS.

Branding His Majesty's Swans Begins To-day.

To-day, watermen deputed to mark the young swans on the Thames will be in the neighbourhood of Staines on their annual journey up the river to Henley.

They are in six small sculling skiffs, flying the flag of His Majesty and the arms of the Dyers and Vintners' Companies. In the good old days there were no fewer than 700 owners of swans on the river, each being obliged to brand its property with some recognised and clear device.

The "swan uppers," or, as they are called locally, "swan hoppers," have a lively time of it. Their work requires the employment of long sticks with hooks to catch the unwilling birds, while very often they have to wade waist-high in the water.

These men are not permanently employed by the King or the Companies of Dyers and Vintners. "Swan upping" is simply a well-paid annual extra that falls to their share.

Mr. Winston Churchill goes for a three months' holiday among his mother's relatives in the United States, at the end of the Session. The political excitement of the past months has told upon his health.

MR. JURY'S BIG BREAK.

Indignant Billiard Player's Sensational Demonstration.

Playing at the St. John of Jerusalem, a Clerkenwell inn, last September, Mr. Robert Jury made a big "break"—in the eye of his friend, Mr. Gay.

This break yesterday formed the subject of an inquiry in King's Bench Court II. by Mr. Justice Ridley and a common jury.

The making of Mr. Jury's big break happened in this way. He was playing a "hundred up" against a Mr. Lowe. Mr. Gay, however, was going him double or quits "in respect of the sum of 5s. previously won."

Once though it may seem at first sight, it was after Mr. Lowe had made the winning shot that Mr. Jury made his big break. Rushing over to where Mr. Gay was standing, "taking an order for some timber," the Court was informed, he struck that gentleman a severe blow in the left eye.

Cross-examination on Unusual Lines.

Mr. Jury, who conducted his case in person, adopted a novel style of cross-examination. Instead of asking Mr. Gay questions, he made an impassioned statement to him in a very loud voice. "Every time I went to the table you chipped me and tried to put me off my stroke," he cried; "and when I lost you gave a loud 'Hurrah!'"

Mr. Gay denied the "Hurrah!" and also denied that he had played billiards often with Mr. Jury. "I am too old," he remarked.

Finally it was arranged by the Judge and jury that Mr. Jury should pay £5 and costs—over and above what he paid at the time in September—for his evening's entertainment, the money being awarded to Mr. Gay as damages for assault.

FORGER'S SUICIDE.

Ex-Convict's Pathetic Concern for His Children.

The notorious Barnham banknote forger was recalled yesterday at the inquest held on the body of Adolf Zickel, aged fifty-one, who hung himself in Bethnal Green Museum Gardens last Wednesday.

Zickel served eighteen months' imprisonment for complicity in these frauds, and was released in March last. Upon the body a letter was found, in the course of which Zickel said:—

"My Dear and Beloved Children,—When this letter reaches your hands I shall be no more alive. There are only two people that made me commit this crime, and they are — and his wife. When you can help yourselves, you should tell all the people in the world to relieve you from these murderous hands. Such murderous hearts as those two people have there are none in all the world like them. I apply to all the good world for my poor unfortunate children. Relieve them from those thieves and murderers. That rough woman I don't think of being called a woman; she is a devil with a woman's face. God will pay those accursed people. When you get a letter from Germany, go with it to Mr. Fisher. He is a good, honest, and respectable man. God bless Sir Solomon and his beloved wife, and I hope the woman Solomon will be a further mother to my beloved Elina. I part from her with pain, and leave all my children with broken hearts."

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

THE LADY OSTLER

Admits That Her Work Is Not Fit for a Woman.

Woman is rapidly superseding man in the workaday world.

The latest invader into man's sphere is a female ostler. The hardy pioneer is Ivy Bloxham, a middle-aged woman, of Kentish Town.

Yesterday the *Mirror* representative found her scrubbing down a horse to the accompaniment of a most professional hissing.

"I have been mixed up with horses," she told him, "ever since I was a child. I used to help my father with his cabyard in Edinburgh. Now I have come to live with my uncle, and he pays me so much a week for looking after his horses. I don't think I shall go on with it very much longer, though," she added; "it's too hard work. I have to clean cabs, rub down horses, tidy up the stable, and carry enormous loads of corn up and down stairs. Several times savage horses have bitten me badly. Look at this," and she bared her arm, showing an angry scar just above the wrist. "That was only two days ago. Take my word for it, it is not fit work for a woman."

Mrs. Baron, of Wandsworth, was seriously injured at Clapham through being run over by a motor-car driven by a lady.

IS FLORENCE MAYBRICK GUILTY?

Atmosphere of Suspicion—Servants Hope the Worst—The Fly-Papers—"Strange Things Going On"—The Stolen Letter.

The earlier articles of this series contain an examination of the reasons which induced Lord Russell of Killowen to argue that Florence Maybrick ought to receive a free pardon.

His view of the case has commended itself to a large section of the public, both in this country and in America.

The first article tells how Mrs. Maybrick met her husband under romantic circumstances, and married him after a very brief engagement.

They were at first a very contented couple. Lord Russell in one of his speeches said that differences had existed between them, but none of a serious nature.

James Maybrick and his wife were both frequent race-goers, and entered freely into all the gaieties of Liverpool life.

The husband was in the habit of dosing himself with stimulating drugs, and this, with several acts of unkindness, alienated his wife.

She fell in love with Alfred Brierley, with whom she visited London in March, 1889.

At the Grand National in the same year her conduct with Brierley caused Mr. Maybrick to reproach her in public and to assault her.

In the last article we examined her expressions of indignation at the facts which constituted the case made, with the object of discovering whether the repugnance she expressed was of such a nature as to lead her to murder her husband.

FOURTH INSTALMENT.

From March 30 suspicion brooded like a petulance over Battlerease House, Aigburth.

There were four servants—Alice Yapp, the nurse; Elizabeth Brierley, the housemaid, and no relation of Mrs. Maybrick's lover; Mary Cartwallader, the waitress; and Elizabeth Humphreys, the cook.

All these women were on greater terms of familiarity with Mr. and Mrs. Maybrick than one finds it possible to approve. It has been related already how Alice Yapp put her arm round Mrs. Maybrick's waist when she was about to leave the house. Before Mr. Maybrick died Mrs. Maybrick seems to have complained pretty freely to the servants that her position had been usurped, and she wept before them, whether from rage or grief, in a manner that was described as being pitiful to see.

Also she kissed the cook. Yet afterwards she declared that she had not a single true friend in the household.

James Maybrick also spoke to the servants as if they were aware of everything that was going on in the house. This unpleasant lack of reticence had severe consequences for Mrs. Maybrick.

It is easy to estimate the characters of the servants from the evidence. They were more than commonly interested in their employers' private relations.

SERVANTS' GOSSIP.

We have also a striking piece of testimony concerning Alice Yapp. On August 13, 1889, Mr. W. R. Levi, of Liverpool, wrote in the "New York Herald":—

Last October I went to Battlerease to see Mrs. Maybrick, and found she had gone to Southport. I asked if I might write a letter to her, and was shown into a room for that purpose. I wrote the letter supposing I was alone in the room. Just as I finished, something caused me to turn, and I found Alice Yapp leaning over my shoulder, and perusing the letter. It made me so angry that I struck her.

This is a remarkable tribute to Yapp's enterprise as a scandal-scraper.

The heart of many a servants' hall must beat with envy when the record is told of all that these four maids had to talk about from March 30 onwards.

"The master had had a row with the missis. All along of some man, I'll be bound. I always said she was no better than she should be." She tried to do a bolt last night, she did, and would have done, too, if Alice here hadn't a' stopped her, and Bessie she goes out on her own and sends the cab away."

"But he blacked her eye something cruel, he did, and next morning off she goes to get a separation, and she picks up Mrs. Briggs, that mischief-making cat, always a-coming round here and asking questions. I hate gossip, and I let her see it."

"Then the doctor cots, and he sees the master for a little and the missis for a long time, and the

(Continued on page 12.)

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

The first statue of the King sculptured since his coronation has been unveiled at Bootle.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales presided over a Food Supply Commission meeting at the Foreign Office yesterday.

"It is inexpedient in the present state of knowledge to print unauthorised chronology on the margin of the Old Testament." This is a resolution passed by the Adelaide Synod.

BAD YEAR FOR ACTORS.

An actor, against whom a judgment summons was called on at Westminster yesterday, wrote and said the theatrical season had been very bad and, consequently, he had only one engagement this year for eight weeks, in "The Finishing School," at Wyndham's Theatre, during which he earned £32. He made an offer of 5s. a week.

WAITED FOR THE BRIDEGROOM.

At Leeds yesterday Ethel Goodison, aged nineteen, a typist, of Sheffield, was awarded £100 damages against Harold Lee, aged twenty-two, an engineer, of Wincobank, near Sheffield, for breach of promise of marriage.

It was stated that the acquaintance began in 1901, and when it had ripened the banns were published, but the defendant did not put in an appearance on the day fixed for the wedding.

DIVED SEVENTEEN TIMES FOR A MAN.

At the inquest on Joseph Byron, of Bolton, who drowned himself, it was stated that Thomas Hailwood dived into the water about seventeen times, ultimately finding the body, which was stuck fast into the mud.

The coroner and jury, commended Hailwood, who has other similar exploits to his credit, for his act of bravery.

LARGEST EGG IN THE WORLD.

An egg, rarer even than that of the great auk, is about to figure in a West End sale-room. This is the product of a now extinct bird known familiarly as the reek, which was at one time a native of Madagascar. The egg is equal in size to half-a-dozen ostrich eggs.

The bird which laid this remarkable egg was the biggest either living or extinct, standing some 10ft. in height, and flightless.

THREW HER BABY FROM WINDOW.

An unmarried woman, named Anne Chapman, of Nottingham, threw her child out of a bedroom window on to the scullery roof, where it remained for several hours before being discovered. It was alive when found, but died from the effects of exposure.

Prisoner, when charged, said she did not know what she was doing when she threw the child out, and the jury found her guilty, but that she was insane at the time. She was ordered to be detained during his Majesty's pleasure.

WHERE PEOPLE ARE MARRIED.

In the volume of statistics just published by the London County Council, it is shown that an immense majority of the marriages celebrated in London take place in churches of the Establishment, and not in Nonconformist chapels.

The following table shows the number of marriages celebrated in various kinds of places of worship and in registrars' offices during the year:—Established Church 56,888, Roman Catholic 2,954, Nonconformist 3,606, Registrar's Office 14,058, Quakers 14, Jews 2,574.

Tramcars were delayed in Gray's Inn-road for over an hour yesterday through a cart breaking down on the line.

At Whiteford, near Nuneaton, a sow pig has given birth to a litter of young, two of which have heads resembling codfish.

The girl Newell, convicted of attempting to defraud the Great Western Railway Company at Brentford, was sentenced to three months' hard labour, not eighteen, as stated.

Both Mrs. Sidney Lacon and Mr. Whitaker Wright request that the report of an engagement between Miss Lacon and Mr. Whitaker Wright should be contradicted. There is no foundation for it.

MADE HIS OWN FORTUNE.

The estate of Mr. Thomas Smith, printer, and proprietor of "Great Thoughts," etc., is sworn at £104,445 by the executors.

Mr. Smith was as a boy employed by the Great Northern Railway, and made his fortune by sheer industry and ability. He died in King's Cross Station on February 8 last.

£25 FOR A LETTER.

The following advertisement appeared in the columns of a London contemporary:—

A LADY and Children, going to Buenos Ayres shortly, and knowing no one there, would be glad of a letter of introduction to British Ambassador; the highest credentials will be given and £25 for a letter.

It is not often that such a sum is publicly offered for a letter of introduction.

WAITING FOR THE TELEPHONE.

George Hunt, of Newport, when charged with leaving his horse and cart unattended near the Post Office, said that he had waited eighty minutes at the Post Office for his telephone call.

He came out to look after his horse after giving his call, and while he was away he missed his chance.

The Bench expressed sympathy, but fined him a guinea.

WILL READ AT THE GRAVE.

When the remains of the late Mr. Richard Hughes, of Manchester, were lowered into the grave at Llanfawr, a Bangor solicitor read part of the dead man's will by the grave-side.

There were many bequests for local charities, and £1,500 was left to the University College of North Wales, Bangor; £500 for establishing a scholarship from the public elementary schools in the parishes of Llanfawr and Llanfawr.

After the reading of this portion of the will the relatives of the deceased adjourned to the vestry, where the dispositions of the will affecting them were read.

DISTRACTED BY OVER-STUDY.

Jumping into the guard's van at Chester, Llewellyn Gratton produced a revolver and shouted that Anarchists were after him. When secured by the police he talked incoherently about a secret society, and was found to have a paper in his possession referring to this society as mostly Americans, Germans, and Frenchmen. This paper urged that a wire should be sent for the arrest of some of them.

At Crewe the Bench was told that the prisoner had been employed by the Liverpool Corporation, and over-study had unhinged his mind.

He was handed over to the care of his brother.

"DUST ARE OUR FRAMES."

Thomas Eagles, of Hampden-street, Paddington, who was found by his landlord with his throat cut, left the following strange letter:—

Dust are our frames, and gilded dust our pride. You all treat me as if I was the greatest criminal on earth. Children, did you think when you eat your Christmas dinner if your father had got one or not?

What is home without a mother, and what is home without a father, although his faults may be many? You all miss him when he's gone.

At yesterday's inquest medical evidence stated that death was due to syncope, accelerated by the wound in the throat. Verdict accordingly.

ELOPED WITH THE LODGER.

Mrs. Bennet, of Trearlaw, near Ystrad, eloped with the young man lodger, and her husband took out a warrant against the pair for stealing a number of his household articles.

They were arrested in Sheffield, but when the case came on the forgiving husband asked leave to withdraw the charge. He said his wife had been a good wife to him, and now she had returned and said she was sorry, and he was willing to forgive her.

"You are a very forgiving man," said the magistrate. "I hope your wife will appreciate your kindness."

The charge was then withdrawn, the solicitor for the defence saying he had a complete answer to the charges of theft.

Two more Norge lifeboats have been washed ashore in the Orkneys.

The Rev. Silvester Whitehead, of Bradford, was elected President of the Wesleyan Conference at Sheffield yesterday.

Arrangements are being made by the London County Council for the trial run of the new Thames steamboat service, to take place not later than the beginning of next May.

AFTER-DINNER GENEROSITY.

In London recently, says the "World," there was a little dinner-party, the object of the gathering being to consider how Mr. Chamberlain's campaign on behalf of preferential tariffs could best be assisted.

After dinner a sheet of paper was passed round the table, with the result that nearly £25,000 was subscribed towards the fund.

FELL THROUGH THE FLOOR.

Between twenty and thirty people were assembled in a tradesman's shop at Blyth where the stock was being sold by auction when the flooring gave way and brought the sale to an abrupt conclusion.

All were precipitated into the cellar below, which contained about a foot of water, but no one was seriously injured.

MINERS BURIED ALIVE.

After fifteen hours' work at Messrs. Wall and Barker's Colliery, Cosely, Staffordshire, the miners yesterday discovered the dead bodies of Abraham Fowles, fifty-four, and Joseph Hale, twenty-nine, both married men.

The unhappy men were imprisoned on Monday night through the sudden collapse of a gate road. For hours they were heard shouting and knocking, but they eventually succumbed to lack of air.

KILLED BY A CHERRY-STONE.

William Newman, a child of four and a half years, swallowed a cherry-stone, and although an operation was performed at the Jubilee Hospital the child died.

At yesterday's inquest, in Kensington, the father complained that there had been delay during the operation, and that a post-mortem examination had been made without his consent. The inquest was adjourned for inquiries into these complaints.

POLICEMAN FINED FOR ASSAULT.

When George Powman, who has for many years stood with his oyster barrow in Garrat-lane, Wandsworth, was charged at the South-Western Court with assaulting Police-constable Sampson, there was a cross-examination against the constable for striking Powman with his truncheon.

Powman is an elderly man of delicate physique; Sampson, as the magistrate said, is a "strong, healthy constable."

Mr. Garratt said there was no evidence against Powman, and dismissed the charge. Sampson he fined 40s., or a month, for assault.

KNOWN BY HIS TROUSERS.

At Hyde, the police described William Platt, aged fourteen, who was arrested after a long chase on a charge of stealing 10s., as a youthful rival to Jack Sheppard.

Since last February he had made six attempts to escape from the Reformatory School, in four of which he had succeeded, and owing to his previous escapes the lad had to wear a pair of trousers with a green leg and a brown leg to distinguish him.

In Stalybridge, his native place, he was known as "the worst boy in the town." He was sent back to the reformatory.

THE CITY.

Red Sea Pirates and Consols—
Effect on Foreign Bourses—
Russian Stocks Suffer.

The stock markets had quite a nasty shaking yesterday. People, of course, at once began to discuss politics, and made a lot of Russia in the Red Sea. Certainly, this seemed to have some slight influence on the Berlin and Paris Bourses, affecting Foreigners, Kafirs, and Americans adversely. But, so far as London was concerned, the trouble was due to selling from banking quarters of Consols, attributed to preparations for Treasury bills, and to the closing of a big speculative account. But this pessimism was overdone, and, in place of the gloom of the morning, there was before the close some slight recovery, due to the sudden easing off of the money rates, and the belief that the Bank of England will get a good share of gold shortly. So Consols recovered somewhat, which was welcome, as in the earlier part of the day they were dealt in as low as 84 for cash, just at the close, however, the markets were dull again.

The fall in Consols naturally affected Home Rails adversely, and there was profit-taking after the recent speculation in the Southern passenger group. Traffics were good, and the Metropolitan dividend, at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, was quite satisfactory. The City and South London distributes a reduced rate at 2½ per cent. per annum.

More caution is being shown in New York, and, with the American investor idle and Germany selling, people here realise what a gamble the American movement has been. So that the market will not until the Street market, when there was some revival.

The Canadian Pacific had a splendid traffic, but the shares sympathetic with the American movement were also weak. There was profit-taking in both Argentine and Mexican Rails.

In Foreigners it was politics to a slight extent. Germany sold, and Paris did not buy. Even Japanese did not profit from the war news. Russians suffered from Red Sea fever. The only one who profited was Rio Tinto, on the copper statistics, and Portuguese.

There was a steady trickle of selling orders in Kafirs. Germany sold, and Austria bought. The London market, Chartered over. This at once gave rise to the usual stories of the Scottish banks calling in loans from speculators in mining shares. The London market, Chartered over. This at once gave rise to the usual stories of the Scottish banks calling in loans from speculators in mining shares. The London market, Chartered over. This at once gave rise to the usual stories of the Scottish banks calling in loans from speculators in mining shares.

Decisive were done. The Financial Secretary, and Allipps fell back. But Meat shares were firm.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:	
Consols 91 pc.....	88½
Do Account.....	92
India 5pc.....	94½
London C.C. 5pc 1902	92
Do 3pc 1903.....	91½
Do 3pc 1904.....	91
Transvaal Loan.....	90½
Argentine 1888.....	100½
Do Fund.....	101½
Brazilian 4pc 1889-90	77½
Do W of Minas.....	82½
Chili 1888.....	84
Chinese 5pc 1896-98	69½
Egyptian United 1888	101½
Italian.....	101½
Japan 5pc 1896-98	82
Do 4pc.....	79½
Per. Debts.....	92½
Do Pref.....	92½
Portuguese.....	92½
Russian 4pc 1890-91	92½
Russian 5pc (Std.)	92½
Turkish 4pc 1890-91	84½
Uruguay 5pc.....	97½
Brighton Def.....	124
Calcutta Def.....	259
Central London.....	60
Chatham Ord.....	161
Do Pref.....	101
Do 2nd Pref.....	86
Great Eastern.....	90½
Gr. Northern Def.....	40
Gr. Central A.....	142
Gr. Western.....	142½
Metropolitan.....	96½
Strait.....	100
Midland Pref.....	67½
North British Def.....	44½
North Eastern.....	141
North Western.....	153
South Eastern Def.....	62½
South West. Def.....	55½
Do Ord.....	165
Atchafson.....	79½
Baltimore.....	86½
Chesapeake.....	86½
Chi. Mil. & S. P. L.....	152½
Denver.....	24
Erie Shares.....	26
Do Pref.....	64
Illinois Cent.....	108
L. & N. Valley.....	119½
Missouri.....	19
Ontario.....	90½
Norfolk Cons.....	62½
Pennsylvania.....	61½
Reading.....	27
Southern Ord.....	25
Southern Pacific.....	112½
Union Pacific.....	97½
U.S. Steel Ord.....	123
Do Pref.....	123
Wabash Pref.....	96½
B.A. Gt. South.....	123½
Atchafson.....	79½
Baltimore.....	86½
Chesapeake.....	86½
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U.S. Steel Ord.....	123
Do Pref.....	123
Wabash Pref.....	96½
B.A. Gt. South.....	123½

* Ex div.

NEARLY DROWNED AT A FIRE.

The Camden Town district was lighted up by the fierce blaze from a fire which consumed a great quantity of timber at Mr. Tyler's yard.

Huge crowds collected, and the police had great difficulty in keeping space for the firemen, who, with twenty engines, were soon on the spot.

The tenants of adjoining houses hastily removed their goods into the street, and the falling of a stack of half-burnt timber caused a wall to collapse, which threw two firemen into the adjoining canal.

One swam across, but the other had to be rescued by his comrades.

"DAILY MIRROR"
BARGAINS.

A CAMERA for 3/9.

See Page 2.

A FOUNTAIN PEN for 2/6.

See Page 16.

The wonder of these absurd prices for such a good Camera and perfect Fountain Pen—is exactly WHY it is possible. They advertise the "Daily Mirror."

"INVESTMENTS."

"INVESTMENTS" introduces, in an entirely original manner, new and important methods for the employment of the means of obtaining capital.

SPECIALLY-CONTRIBUTED CHAPTERS

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Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1904.

ABOUT PIRACY: A DIA-
LOGUE OF THE DAY.

What is a pirate ship?—It is a ship which is engaged in warlike operations without being properly commissioned as a ship of war.

Are the Russian ships now showing so much activity in the Red Sea properly commissioned as ships of war?—No, they are not, for they got through the Dardanelles as merchant ships. It was only after they had entered the Red Sea that they hoisted the Russian naval flag.

Cannot a vessel be both a merchant vessel and a man of war?—No, it cannot.

It follows, then, that these Russian ships are either merchant vessels acting as men of war—i.e., pirates—or else that they got through the Dardanelles under false pretences?—It does.

What can Britain do to prevent further seizures of British ships?—She might treat the Russian vessels as pirates, and send a few cruisers to sink them straight away.

But would not this mean war with Russia?—That would depend upon Russia. We should certainly have to be prepared for war if we took such a strong line as this. But it is quite conceivable that Russia might not feel like fighting us.

In that case she would have to take it lying down?—Exactly.

But, without going so far as this, how can Britain put a stop to such proceedings?—She can send a strong protest to the Tsar's Government, and back up the claim for damages which the P. and O. Company are pretty certain to make for the detention of their ship.

Would this be likely to have any effect?—Not unless we showed that we were prepared to follow up our words with blows, if the former had no result.

Are we prepared to take this step in vindication of our just rights and national honour?—You must address that question to the Prime Minister.

A HIDEOUS WRONG.

The release of Adolph Beck yesterday shows that the authorities are convinced a terrible injustice has been done to him. Twice this unfortunate man has suffered for the crimes of a "double," a man so like him that not even expert students of faces could tell them apart.

The arrest of the "double" came about by accident. It reflects no credit on the police. Indeed, the force does not come out of the incident very well from any point of view.

What will happen now? Will Beck be entitled to compensation for the grievous wrong that has been done to him? He certainly ought to be. The only consolation to be drawn from the story is that such cases do not occur so often in England, where a man is held to be innocent until he has been proved guilty, as in Continental countries, where accused persons are accounted guilty until they have been able to prove their innocence.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Which will add most to the sum of human happiness—the cathedral of which the King laid the first stone yesterday, or the docks for which he is to cut the first sod to-day, or the water supply for Birmingham's 500,000 odd inhabitants that will be set going by his Majesty to-morrow?

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

The statement that the Duke of Devonshire will propose in the House of Lords a vote of censure on the Government in the same terms as that of "C. B." in the Commons, shows that his Grace is now determined to take his place as leader of the Liberals in the Upper House. How Lord Spencer likes it I don't know. What Lord Rosebery thinks about it I should like to know. Clearly they are both superseded; the latter of his own free will, the former because he is utterly unfitted for leadership. And the Duke of Devonshire will be the next Liberal Prime Minister.

This is what his Duchess has been working for all along. She saw he could never be a Conservative Prime Minister. The Conservatives want someone not quite so sleepy and old-fashioned. To-day the Liberals are the old-fashioned party, so the Duke will suit them down to the ground. He is such a "safe man" that he can command the sup-

port of all sections, which no other leader could. The Imperialist Liberals who would not march behind C. B.'s Little England banner will follow the Duke like lambs, and the others, knowing how little his Grace's Imperialism amounts to, will fall in without a quiver.

It was the Duchess of Devonshire who was at the back of the movement earlier in the year for getting the Duke to take the Liberal leadership. She is full of ambition, both for her husband and herself, and a very clever woman. She spares no pains when she is really in earnest, whether the subject of her earnestness is politics or a fancy-dress ball. She has taught the Duke much since she first took his career in hand long before they were married. Now it looks as if she were going to succeed in her chiefest wish of all. No one will grudge her this triumph, for she certainly deserves it, and the Duke cannot remain Prime Minister long.

The young King of Spain, Alphonso XIII., will be paying his first official visit when he visits King Edward at Windsor Castle in November. Beloved as he is by his people, there is one thing they never will forgive him—his being Alphonso XIII. All Spaniards are superstitious, and their pet abhorrence is the number thirteen, consequently they are perpetually on the alert looking for the fateful number to exert its evil influence. Another reason for their uneasiness is the fact that his horoscope as published in America—predicts death by water, while the young King is unusually fond of the water.

While he was staying at San Sebastian during the summer a few years ago, he used to take a daily dip in the sea, and it was only by the greatest precautions that his watery fate was cheated. A captain of the Royal Navy in full ceremonial dress—cocked hat and epaulettes—watched every movement of the royal bather. A detachment of men were drawn up on the shore ready for any emergency, while a couple of man-of-war's boats ployed about within easy reach ready to go to the rescue should the least danger threaten the young monarch. It was bathing in state indeed!

Lord Curzon will be in much better form to receive the Freedom of the City of London to-day than he was when he was installed as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. He is pretty sure to make one of his flowery speeches, full of fine phrases, but he is likely to have his tongue well under control. The leading Indian newspaper once said this organ was his worst enemy. But he was younger then. Nowadays he thinks more before he speaks.

The retirement after the present Parliament of Sir John Aird will deprive the House of Commons of one of its finest beards. He speaks seldom, but all "strangers" admire the very long and well-kept column of grey hair which decorates his chest. He is a very popular M.P., for did he not first secure a new smoking-room at the House, and then get members leave to smoke in one of the dining-rooms? It was he who carried out the five-million contract for the Nile dam, and he also who gave a fabulous price for Sir L. Alma-Tadema's "Roses of Heliogabalus." Yet he is entirely a self-made man.

The other baronet who has just announced that he will not seek re-election had the forethought to provide himself with wealthy ancestors. Sir William Houldsworth's grandfather and father and a host of uncles were all rich men. He has but added to a family pile, not like Sir John Aird, founded a fresh one. Sir William is a Manchester man of the best type. He is great at good words, yet likes a bit of racing; knows all about sports, a dreary subject as bimetalism, but is quite as happy playing the organ as talking "free silver"; is a very keen business man, but thoroughly enjoys a game of golf by way of relaxation. He has, in short, thoroughly human tastes.

So Mrs. Langtry, having sold most of her jewels the other week, has now given up her London house. Her furniture was sold yesterday, and Chelsea was much excited about it, almost as much excited as it was when she first went to live in one of its quiet and exceedingly respectable squares, next door but one to a leader writer on the "Times"! She must have made a lot of money on the stage in her twenty-three years' career, but she has lost a lot too. Sometimes she is even inclined to regret she did not take to journalism instead of the theatre, as she once thought of doing.

It was when she first found herself under the necessity of doing something for a living. She had an introduction to the editor of a paper called "Life," who wanted a society correspondent, someone actually in society. Sir John Milais, who sent her to the editor, said, "Engage her at any price; she will be worth it." But the editor thought differently, and when Mrs. Langtry asked £800 a year for her services he offered her just half. So she went on the stage and Lady Violet Greville got the job. Mrs. Langtry has scarcely ever written anything, not even her reminiscences, which she thinks would annoy too many people if she told the truth.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

How Many "Centuries" Has Dr. W. G. Grace Made Altogether in First-Class Cricket?

Yesterday's was his 126th. Counting in matches which are not quite first-class, his complete record of three-figure innings is 208.

Three times he has made two separate "centuries" in the same game. Three times he has played innings of over 300 in first-class matches.

His highest score in first-class cricket was 344, but he once made 400 not out, and that was in a match where he had a field of twenty-two against him!

Th' man who was so lazy that he couldn't chew his food, an' th' man who was so busy that he didn't have time enough to, are in th' same place now.—"Judge" (American).

THE WATER-CART FIEND.



Watering the streets is a most necessary operation, in hot weather especially, but it is done in London in a particularly stupid way. Instead of sprinkling the roads, the water-carts deluge them with water. Complaints from all classes of the community are becoming "painful and frequent and free."

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

Mr. Clive Bridgeman.

If he wins the seat at Oswestry he will be a valuable addition to the House of Commons. For he is a man who really knows his own mind, and such men, rare everywhere, are particularly rare at Westminster just now.

He is an advocate of preferential tariffs, and he is not afraid to say so openly. He does not believe that a candidate does himself any good by concealing his opinions. Nor would it suit his temperament, which is above all things sincere and above-board.

When he speaks, you can see he is in earnest. He is not a great orator, but he impresses his audiences. They feel that he means what he says, and that he will stick to it—that he isn't saying it for any reason except that he believes it to be true.

His tastes are those of a country squire—his figure also. Not tall, rather thick-set, broad shoulders, pleasant features—a man who makes a favourable impression at first glance.

He works hard at speech-making, and his wife helps him bravely, going round the huge constituency in a smart dogcart all day long. But he is happier on market day chatting with the farmer about the weather and the crops, and very good company they seem to find him.

Also they think no worse of him for the bold position he has taken up, even if they don't share his admiration for Mr. Chamberlain. At any rate, they know what he would be at.

THE OLD PLAYGOER'S LAMENT.

Oh, for a play like those of old,

Where human men and women walk,

And where some vital story's told

Without eternities of talk;

Where men are brave, and women good,

Where deeds are done that call for cheers,

That thrill the heart, and stir the blood,

From orchestra to gallery tiers.

Where not the "female with a past"

Has part, and not a thing is done

That modesty must stare agast,

And vestal maid must cut and run;

Where with scant skirts in tangled whirl

No giddy chorus dames appear—

Give me a play where not a girl

Points heel toward the chandelier!

It's true I don't object to see—

Say once a month—some show like this;

But the same thing eternally—

The same distracting, clinging kiss,

And what each night we're doomed to see—

The same old kick, the same old smirk,

The same bewildering lingerie—

'Twould madden even a harem'd Turk.

—Joseph Dana Miller, in "Munsey's Magazine."

"We owe a great deal to chemistry—"
"Yes, indeed. To chemistry, for instance, we owe a great many of our blunders."
—"Answers" (London).

SEASON'S RECORD SCORE.



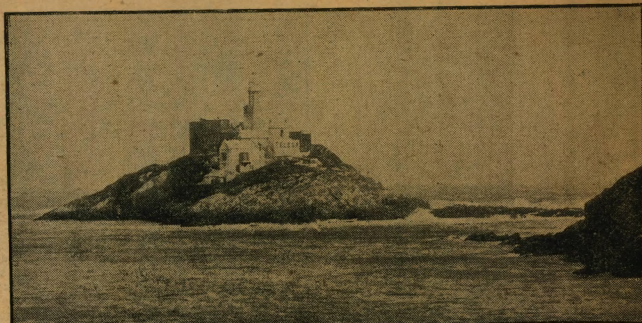
P. Perrin, who yesterday completed his innings of 343 runs not out for Essex against Derbyshire. This is the biggest score this season, and the fifth highest on record.

SINGS FOR THE KING.



A pretty little girl of the Welsh Choir of 1,000 singers, who are to perform before the King and Queen to-day at Swansea.—(Photograph by Chapman, Swansea.)

WHERE THE ROYAL YACHT ANCHORS.



Mumbles Head, Swansea, where the royal yacht and the escorting squadron will anchor to-day, when the King visits Swansea to cut the first sod of the new docks. (Photograph by Chapman, Swansea.)

FAMOUS AUTHORS AND PLAY



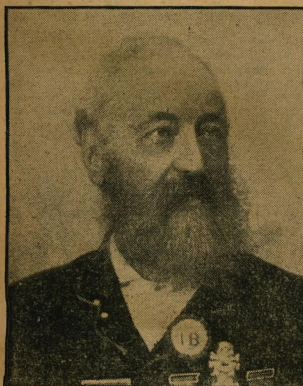
A scene from the performance of "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," a burlesque of "Hamlet," day afternoon at the Garrick Theatre. Figures are marked above some of the most notable. 3. Miss Clo Graves, the "Player Queen." 4. Sir Frank Burnand, "First Player." 5. Captain R. Claudius." 8. Mr. Leo Trevor, "Rosencrantz." 9. Mrs. Madeline.

L.C.C.'S WHITE ELEPHANT.



The plot of ground at the junction of the Strand with Aldwych which the L.C.C.'s auctioneer again endeavoured to sell by auction on Monday without success.

HONoured BY THE KING. INSURED AGAINST MURDER.



Sergeant Minnerley, who took part in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balacava, has just been decorated with the medal for meritorious service by the King.



Prince Iwan Michaelovitch Obolenski, the new Governor-General of Finland, on whose life the Russian insurance companies have quoted 50 per cent. additional against the risk of his being assassinated.

OH! FOR A DIP IN THE BR



Four little maidens paddling in the sea at Margate yesterday. (Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.)



Three fair visitors at Margate. (Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.)

JAPANESE FLAG IN FLOWERS.



pretty spot is not in the land of the rising sun, as one might suppose, but in Pongo
ation Grounds, where a flower-bed has been artistically laid out to represent the Japanese
flag.

WRIGHTS ACT FOR CHARITY.



ritten by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, in which some of our most famous playwrights took part yester-
formers. 1. Mr. Paul Rubens, "Guildenstern." 2. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, "A Courtier."
arshall, "Hamlet." 6. Lady Colin Campbell, "Queen Gertrude." 7. Mr. W. S. Gilbert, "King
6 Lucette Ryley, "Ophelia."—(Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)

INY.



going out for their morning's dip at Rams-
raph by Underwood and Underwood.)

THE METROPOLE BANK NOTE MYSTERY.



Mr. George Marshall, solicitor, who was put on trial yesterday at Nottingham,
charged with misappropriating £19,000 belonging to the Duke of Newcastle.

WINNER OF THE WINGFIELDS.



St. George Ashe, who surprised every-
body by winning the Wingfield Sculls on
Monday afternoon. — (Photograph by
Moyse.)

OTTO LEADS.



Otto Madden is now the leading
jockey. He rode four winners at
Leicester on Monday.

Have you got a Camera ?

If you have not,
look at page 2.

EQUINE MILLINERY IN THE WEST END.



Our fashion expert writes:—One could not help noticing the lovely confections in millinery to be seen about town yesterday.
Lady Polly was walking in the Park with a pretty white straw trimmed with rows of cerise velvet and a drooping ostrich
feather; whilst Mme. Prince looked just sweet in a becoming shape designed after a Mexican sombrero. There were a large
number of plain, but effective, designs to be admired.

A RECORD BATHING SEASON FOR PRETTY GOWNS.

A POPULAR PROFESSION.

WHY SO MANY GIRLS ADMIRE ACTORS.

You are introduced to someone; he seems interesting. Probably the first question you ask is, "What does he do?"

Apart from the superficial and by no means unimportant matter of good looks, the work which a man does renders him more or less attractive.

This is indisputable. Had your friend replied to your question by saying, "Oh, he retails matches!" you will confess that the nature of his work makes the man less interesting, if not altogether obnoxious, no matter how little his appearance may seem to accord with his duties.

Intelligence.

Then, again, it will be admitted that work gives an impress to a man's personality, and although we may not all be as acute as Sherlock Holmes, this is quickly detected. If the intelligent-looking man does not do intelligent work, he ought to! And if a stupid man goes in for a trade or profession where great intelligence is required, he will either lose some of his stupidity, or sink very low in his profession, if he does not go out of it altogether. And so it happens that in this way, and for these reasons, there are certain callings which provide us with the types of men whom we find—by common consent—to be most attractive to women.

Good Looks Do Tell.

Taking it all round, I think we can fairly give the actor first place. There is one very simple and self-evident reason for this.

Perhaps one reason for this preference is that, generally speaking, it refuses to admit people who are burdened with anything in the shape of ill-looks, and naturally a good-looking man attracts admirers.

The actor's business is to appear before the public, and a primary part of his work is to appeal to the eye. In the case of a man who writes books, his personal appearance, from the point of view of the success of his work, does not matter to the extent of one row of pins; but it will be admitted that, except for eccentric parts, any young fellow who is positively plain or actually deformed is terribly handicapped on the stage. Thus we come to one sound reason for the attractiveness of the actor—his good looks.

His Taste in Ties Is Good.

He dresses well. That is a great point. Many otherwise interesting men dress in a slovenly manner; but not so the actor. At the beginning of his career, slovenly attire goes against him with the provincial managers. He must "look the part" off the stage as well as on it. He generally does. Of course he walks and moves well. He has no studied deportment for nothing. He is generally a very interesting young fellow, too, in his conversation. He has visited a good many places, and has seen a great deal.

"He makes love so beautifully," you will hear some delighted girl say in reference to his conduct on the stage, and doubtless in real life he does it with equal success. So he bears about with him all the essentials that cause women to admire him.

MERMAIDS' TOILETTES.

RENEWED INTEREST IN SEA-GOING ATTIRE.

The present glorious summer is teaching many a girl who never tried it before the beauty advantages of a swim in the sea. Incidentally, of course, it is creating a furore in sea-suits, which are being made in greater numbers than they ever were before.

Blue flannel is possibly more worn than anything else, for it makes an all-round useful yet very smart suit. It is a durable colour, too, and be-

exactly, and a cap of scarlet satin. Radium is a marvellous colour for a bathing suit, as it keeps its mysterious, illuminated quality even when drenched with sea-water. It is highly becoming to black-haired girls, but it is very expensive, and can only be afforded by the wealthy.

The newest bathing head-gear is the small Directorate bonnet, the crown of which is a full puff which fits about the hair with an elastic, while the brim has a narrow coal-scuttle effect which is very pretty and becoming to girls with fluffy hair. It is usually made of waterproofed satin to match the suit with which it is worn, though it can be bought in the ordinary colours, blue green, red and brown. But many girls prefer a silk rubber handkerchief to protect the hair from the injurious effects of the salt water. These handkerchiefs are tied in the old-fashioned "Chloe" style, and are made in a variety of patterns. Silk waterproof is also made up into surf sun bonnets as well as into hats with wide brims and Tam O'Shanter caps with pretty silk pompons to trim them.

The bathing shoe, which the well-equipped girl likes best, is a low canvas one with a high canvas portion only at the back. The back part of the shoe is made with eyelets through which laces are drawn which cross in sandal fashion up the ankle in front.

TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT.

CORDED EDGES MAKE FOR STRENGTH.

The best and most elegant petticoats are made with fitted hips, and are buttoned or hooked, not tied, at the back or side. The petticoat that is meant to swing clear of the ground is trimmed



The shore cloak shown above is an absolute essential for bathers from tents on the shore, and is made of house-flannel, the creamy shade of which is enhanced in prettiness by a bordering of rose-pink and yellow silk. The bathing suit illustrated is made of sea-green wool, with a cream border, and lozenge inlays on the blouse.

coming to nearly every complexion, while it is equally effective for stout or slender women. But it should be worn by the fair-haired maiden and not by brunettes, for there is no more trying colour for the dark-skinned women.

Of course, the new colour, radium, is being seen in the bathing suit. It is a strange, iridescent white, with a quiver of blue in it. It has been seen looking its loveliest in satin, without any trimming, and worn with silk stockings to match

with silk ruffles round the foot, and the edges of the ruffles are pinked. Under each ruffle is a smaller one, to make it set out. The result is charmingly smart.

Lace as a petticoat trimming still obtains popularity. But the pinked ruffle, headed by an old-fashioned ruching, is the best that can be worn under a full, round skirt. Four or five flounces are employed to make the skirt stand out, as it ought to do, and the background is well corded to help towards this end.

THE SEASIDE SEASON.

RULES FOR BATHERS TO REMEMBER.

Do not swim directly before or after a meal, but allow an hour and a half to elapse before or after eating.

It is safer to swim towards the shore than away from it, even for an expert swimmer.

Far better is it to stay in the water only a short while than to spend an hour or more in swimming. Swimmers should never remain in the water till they feel cold, and, when tired, should never try to swim at all.

The sun and sand bath after a plunge in the sea is very beneficial, and to take a short, sharp run on the beach after a bathe is most invigorating.

CRYSTALLISED RASPBERRIES.

INGREDIENTS.—Raspberries, fine castor sugar, the white of an egg, a little cold water.

Remove the stalks from the raspberries and examine the hollows carefully to see there are no insects or grubs in them.

Next beat up the white of an egg with half a wineglassful of cold water.

Dip the raspberries one at a time into the egg and water, then roll them in fine castor sugar. Lay them on a sheet of white paper a little distance from each other, and leave them till they are dry. This will probably be in from five to six hours.

When they are perfectly dry keep them in a cool place till they are required.

This makes a very pretty dish for dessert.

"SERVANTS 6d. AN HOUR."

"Servants sent out, 6d. an hour," is the principal attraction offered to members of the Lauderdale Club, at Lauderdale-mansions, Maida Vale. The membership is exclusively confined to ladies in the surrounding flats, who have to go out to business or cannot get servants for themselves.

Breakfasts (any time) are provided for 1s., and luncheon at 1 o'clock for the same money. In the evening table d'hôte dinner is served at 7.30 for the modest sum of 2s.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Completely supersedes the use of Eggs in the preparation of High-Class Custard—Greatly increases the popularity of all Sweet Dishes—The unfailing resource of every successful hostess.

Rich in Nutrient—Delicate in Flavour.
NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

Mme. DOWDING,

The Leading Corsetiere.

Under Royal and Distinguished Patronage.

The...
ELITE.



From 21/-
TO
6 Guineas.

Sizes in Stock
From 16 in. to
38 in. waist.

GENTS'...
BELTS AND
CORSETS A
SPECIALITY.

(All communications strictly private in Belt Department.)
FARADAY HOUSE, 8 & 10, Charing Cross Road
(Opposite National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.)



Motoring is all the fashion,
And with many girls a passion,
Rushing through the world with steam
Is the modern maiden's dream.
No one grudges them the pleasure
If they do these things in measure,
Sport is not the end in life
Of a true domestic wife;
In her many household duties
She will find as many beauties—
Linen white and spotless clean
Woman's pride has ever been,
And it will the husband please
When the "Dall" work he sees,
So the "Dall" is by far
Better than the motor car.

The "DALL" is the best Box Iron. No Gas, no Fire, no Smell.
Hot in a few minutes and remains hot. No changes of iron.
Refueling with smokes fuel. Can be used anywhere without
interference, even out of doors, doing double the work in half the
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RUSSIANS AND THE JAP WRESTLER.

One Lady Wants To Knife Yukio Tani, But Others Would Like To Marry Him.

While the Japanese forces in the Far East have been scoring repeated successes, Yukio Tani, the undefeated Jap wrestler, has been upholding the prestige of his country over here.

That his long list of victories has not proved altogether palatable to Russians in England is plainly shown by numerous warlike letters he has received on the subject.

He showed some of these interesting effusions to a representative of the *Daily Mirror* last night.

"I think you like this one," he said, picking up a letter from a basketful of correspondence. This is how it ran:—

It is a most deplorable sight to see a miserable little Jap carrying all before him in the wrestling

line. You think England is your friend, but she's only pretending; in reality she favours Russia. When you wrestle with a Russian then will you taste defeat; you are only a bag of tricks. When you meet Hackenschmidt, the "Russian Bear," you will soon cry "Enough!"

FROM A RUSSIAN WHO HATES YOU.

"I much like to meet Hackenschmidt in my style," commented the diminutive Jap, "then you see who best man."

"I also think this friendly letter," continued Tani, with a broad grin:—

I shall wait in the dark one night and put a knife into your little frame.

You are just a cunning schemer. You are a

trickster, not a wrestler. If you were a man you would go out to the front and fight for your distressed countrymen, not stay at home in idleness.

No wonder Russians hate the Japanese: they score victories by cunning, not by fair means. You will hear from me again.

A RUSSIAN WOMAN.

"I'm shy; but I like to meet the lady to have little talk," mused Tani. "I think she talks too much stupidity; besides, when my countrymen want me, then I go, and quick."

"I have challenged, and it's no good; he won't meet me."

You defeat English wrestlers because they can't wrestle; but try a bout with a Russian, then you will not survive ten minutes. I would back Hackenschmidt to strangle the life out of you inside that time. Challenge him and see?

A RUSSIAN RESIDENT IN ENGLAND.

"He not friendly to Hackenschmidt, who always wrestle fair; if he will meet me to-morrow, I am ready."

That Hackenschmidt is as broad as Yukio Tani is tall apparently matters not to the plucky little

Jap. "I wrestle with anyone and everyone," he said, modestly.

After a storm, a hull; Cupid, through the medium of the postman, has not left the little man out in the cold. A lady writes:—

Dear Mr. Tani,—I have been to see you wrestle every night this week; but, alas! my husband has found me out. I love you, dear little Jap, so I don't mind. To-night my husband is coming round to thrash you; but I'm not afraid for your safety.

Tani's imperturbable manner apparently greatly impresses the fair sex. Another lady writes:—

You dear, brave little man, I can never forget your courtly bow to the referee when he said Mellor threw you this afternoon.

No gentleman could have bowed to the inevitable in a more dignified manner, but at the end you won. Could you meet me at the Japanese tea-rooms in Regent-street to-morrow? I have money, and would marry you at once, you little hero. I can wrestle myself in Japanese style.

"I don't think I like to marry lady who wrestle," commented Yukio Tani; "I too shy, and I want wife to look after my home, not to wrestle with me."

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XLII. Continued.

Beatrice looked at her guest with some consternation. Was Amy Grimwood on the verge of fainting? Surely if any woman had the right to feel faint she had, and not the pretty, over-dressed doll for whom life should hold no cares or anxieties.

"Do you feel ill?" she asked, moving to Amy's side. "Perhaps you find the room too hot? It is close for May."

"No—no," murmured Amy, trying to recover her self-control, "the room is delightfully cool. Do not trouble about me. I shall be all right in a minute. I've been overdoing myself shopping to-day, and you remember those stupid fainting attacks of mine of old, don't you, Beatrice?" She spoke with an attempt at cheerfulness, looking up and trying to smile at the anxious faces gathered round her.

"You shouldn't overtax yourself like this, dear," Julian Grimwood put his hand on his wife's shoulder and looked at her with painful concern, for he had grown to adore the pretty, dimpled, laughing creature who held his heart in her keeping. Amy shivered a little as she felt the touch of his warm fingers. Weak and foolish as she had been, weak and foolish as she always would be, she loved Julian Grimwood, and with a rare strength and tenacity and depth of affection. She dressed for him, lived for him, smiled for him, and the peaceful, happy years that had followed the receipt of the dagger and paper-knife had helped to lull her mind against the dread of Paul Carew's return. She had cheated herself into the belief that the man was dead, arguing hopefully that he would have found his way to her if still alive. True, Hannah White often spoke grimly of the rank stupidity of living in a fool's paradise, but Amy used to laugh at the prophetic evil and reply that, being in paradise, nothing else mattered much—and sufficient to the day was the evil thereof.

And now—quite suddenly, quite unexpectedly—the blow was about to fall, and the sweet of heaven's hidden life, that golden haze of happiness—she could now discern quite plainly hanging by a thread over her guilty head. In a few seconds she and her first husband would stand face to face, for it never occurred to Amy that by some strange coincidence there might be another man in the world bearing the same Christian name and surname as Paul Carew. No, she felt convinced that the moment had arrived for her house of cards to fall, and for Julian Grimwood and the world to know her for what she was.

It never occurred to the terrified woman to wonder how an outcast like Paul could possibly be coming to John Heron's house as a guest. Amy had little reasoning power or common-sense. Besides, the man always towered over her in her dreams, a strong compelling personality who could do with the chose with things and force or bend people to his will.

She leaned back against the sofa cushions, sniffing at a bottle of salts that Beatrice had pushed in her hand, and wondering dreamily what would happen. One thing was certain—Julian would throw her from him, she felt convinced of that. She knew the man's pride and his sense of honour. As she thought of the woman who had disgraced and dishonoured him, well, deserted by Julian, what would it matter what happened? She realised in a blinding flash of passion how much she loved the grey-haired man who stood beside her, and how impossible life would be apart from him. As the thoughts struck her she caught at his hand, and grasped it convulsively, for the last few minutes that perhaps remained of her happiness let her keep firm hold of the one man on earth she loved; her grasp grew tighter—as she raised her eyes to her husband.

Beatrice watched the little scene with some envy. She felt that as Amy turned to Julian Grimwood in her moment of bodily weakness so she would like to have turned to her own husband, to have felt for a second the clasp of his dear fingers, the grip of his strong arm. What was a silly fainting attack to the mental agony she was suffering? She had never imagined that Paul Carew would have inflicted this shame on her so soon; and their bargain

was barely six hours old, she had scarcely had time to realise all she had agreed to do, and now he was springing on her like a hawk pouncing on some poor bird who waits his approach limp and paralysed with fear.

A vague doubt crept through the woman's mind if he would be strong enough for the task in front—a task that might stretch over so many haunted embittered years—the hateful task of deception and deceit.

To lie to John, even for his sake and the sake of his father and child—the lofty spirit of Beatrice Heron could not brook the thought of such an action, and yet as far as she could see hardly a day would pass in the future without the necessity of deceiving the man she loved and honoured. Still, she had put her shoulder to the wheel, and there must be no turning back. For good or ill she had made her choice, sacrificed her own pride to save her husband's, and put herself under the heel of Paul Carew so that John Heron should still hold his head up, and an old man be saved from lock and bar.

With iron courage the woman determined to play the game for all it was worth. Not a suspicion about Paul Carew must cross her husband's mind. She felt thankful for Amy Grimwood's fainting attack, for it had diverted everyone's attention from the telegram announcing the advent of the unbidden guest.

The door opened to admit Lady Cary and her husband, and Beatrice went forward to greet them. The three years that had only enriched and glorified Beatrice Heron's beauty had had an opposite effect upon her cousin. Feodora began to look pinched and peevish. Still extremely pretty, and dressed to perfection by Doucet, she had a harassed and dissatisfied air, as of a woman who has missed her life. She resembled a delicate hothouse exotic, born and reared under glass, a flower never strengthened and warmed by the sun.

"I'm quite tired," she murmured, as she extended a limp hand. "I've been playing Bridge all the afternoon—not that there's anything else worth doing."

Beatrice drew a deep breath as she moved away from her cousin to speak to another newly arrived guest. What, after all, did trouble and anxiety really matter when she had got hold of the real thing? Loved and was beloved, she contrasted her full life with Feodora's cramped existence. She had caught her terror and perplexity thanked God for the gifts and the glories that were hers. The child sleeping in his cot upstairs, the husband whose name was ringing through England—she was a rich woman—rich in jewels beyond price.

The Premier arrived with Miss Grisel. He had called earlier in the afternoon full of anxiety to know how his daughter had got through her threatened interview with the ex-convict, but he had not seen Beatrice. He had been shown into the pretty drawing-room, and there her maid had come to him with a face full of concern and a short message from Beatrice. "She was very sorry," so the maid explained, "but she could not come down. She had a bad headache and was resting in her room; she looked forward, however, to seeing her father that evening."

With this message Robert Chevenix had to be content. He asked Green one or two questions, but got no very definite answer, only that Mrs. Heron looked white and ill. It was quite unlike Beatrice to look the invalid, and this quickened her father's uneasiness. He felt quite certain that she had had a stormy interview with Paul Carew, and now that he and his daughter were face to face he scanned her countenance eagerly, drawing her a little away from the other guests in the direction of the small back drawing-room.

Beatrice Heron followed her father somewhat reluctantly. She had been so proud of her relationship with the great man, so glad to think she was his child. She had invested him, as her own ideals grew higher, with a hundred magnificent qualities that he had never possessed, and though his marriage with Margaret Carew had tried her faith in him at the time, she had argued to herself, and with fair success, that her father was going by the name of love—has played strange tricks with great men before, and that she must be tolerant, and not expect perfection. Now, however, she gazed at the Premier with different eyes.

"Trix, what is it?" asked the Premier with some hesitancy, for the recessed presence of a barrier between himself and the one human being he felt a deep affection for, and he vaguely guessed

what had happened. "Did you see that fellow to-day?" he went on nervously, fingering his gold watch chain, and forgetting his Jovian pose. "Tell me what happened?"

"Yes, I saw Paul Carew," replied Beatrice unwillingly; "I saw him, father." She paused here, standing to say more, feeling a hesitation about letting him know that she heard the full story of his sin and his treachery.

The look that passed between Robert Chevenix and his daughter was an acutely painful one, for the woman's eyes betrayed all that her tongue refused to speak, and the Premier saw himself for the one ineffably tragic second as his child saw him. He could not tell her the truth though, and cry out that he was innocent of the crimes Paul Carew had charged him with, for to do so would be to reveal himself an impostor; he had to carry the man to the end. There was nothing else to be done.

"The man has told you everything, I suppose?" he said quietly, affecting a composure he by no means felt.

"Everything," she replied with a touch of cold disdain, "as we can discuss the subject as too painful to be discussed between us. But I must prepare you all the same for what might prove a shock. Paul Carew has announced his intention of dining here this evening. I have told John he is an old friend—You must help to carry on the lie."

Her breast rose and fell as she spoke. Her mental distress was too great for her to conceal. The Premier glanced up at his daughter angrily. "Good God!" he exclaimed with dramatic vehemence. "You must be mad, Trix, or my ears are playing tricks with me! Paul Carew—a jail-bird and the friend of thieves, a social pariah and outlaw—dining here to-night? What does it mean, Trix? Tell me what it means."

"Only this father," and Beatrice looked the Premier straight in the face, "John and myself are having to suffer for the sins of others. Yes, the old Bible prediction has come true in our case. And she quoted, half under her breath, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

CHAPTER XLII. Mrs. Heron's "Wild Man."

"Where on earth did you pick up your wild man, Trix?" asked Lady Cary, when the ladies settled down again in the drawing-room, leaving the men to their wine and cigarettes. "Paul Carew—that's his name, isn't it?" She leaned back languidly in her chair as she spoke. "He's just like a savage, but I must confess he interested me more than any man I have met for ages."

Amy Grimwood, seated on a sofa near by, caught her breath. The dinner to her had been one long agony, and now to hear Paul calmly discussed would be enough, she thought, to drive her mad. From the moment he had arrived up to now he had not betrayed the least sign of recognition, hardly even glanced at her. Yet Amy felt morally certain that he was as keenly aware of her presence as she was of his, and that she was only waiting the best moment to strike a blow at her heart.

"Paul Carew," replied Beatrice easily enough, for she was strung up to such a high pitch of emotion that she found her part easy to play. "Have you never seen him before, Feo, in the old days? He is rather quaint, I expect, for he has led a wild life amongst wild races, and has only just returned from the East. Did his manners scare you?" She laughed lightly.

Feodora shook her head and flicked her pale blue skirts with her hand.

"You bet," she answered with a curl of her red lips. "It takes a lot to do that; but I liked hearing him talk, he was so down on women. I should think he must hate some woman very much from the way he spoke of our sex. My goodness, Trix," she added with a little shudder, "what a man to have for an enemy! He has a most awful expression in his eyes at times, and he asked me if I could understand the passionate desire of the beast to kill. He spoke of murder as rather a fine accomplishment, by the way. Our talk got gory at last."

"You are making Mrs. Grimwood quite faint again," interposed Beatrice, watching a grey pallor steal over Amy's face. "I'm sorry you had such a gruesome talk, Feo; but really Mr. Carew's ad-

vent here to-night was quite unexpected. I did not even know he was back in England till his wire came."

"Oh, I loved the man," interposed Feodora hurriedly. "He brought a touch of the jungle into the drawing-room. I was quite sorry when the time came for our exit. If I remember Mrs. Grimwood?" she appealed with a gay laugh to Amy, who sat bolt upright on the sofa making a pretence of fanning herself. "The way we poor women are sent upstairs as soon as an excellent dinner spurs men's wits into play is quite shameful."

"Yes, yes, very horrid," answered the other woman, but she hardly knew what she said, or realised how dull and toneless her voice sounded. All her energies were bent on watching the door, the door which would shortly open to admit the man she feared above all men on earth.

Would the time never pass more of her life with a sort of sick despair at the clock, longing, yet dreading, to get the next hour over—to know the worst. She clasped her hands tightly together, cracking one of her delicate-toned gloves; but she never noticed what she had done. Her face seemed to shrink and age as she sat there, her glittering diamonds and French frock consoling in her strained, nervous expression.

Feodora Cary maintained a desultory conversation with her, but Amy made such vague and random answers that the little lady gave up the attempt in despair. Beatrice, who had moved away to talk to her other guests, so Lady Cary had nothing to do but to glance at her neat little satin shoes and to wonder where the other woman's wits had flown.

At last the sound of masculine voices was heard floating up the stairs, and the usual flutter passed through the drawing-room, the involuntary tribute to the other sex. Paul Carew sat up with an unconcealed air of relief, and gave the least shake to her airy skirts; then turned her pretty face to watch the door, her cheeks getting a tinge of colour and her eyes a sparkle. She was distinctly interested in the wild man of the woods," as she mentally called Paul Carew, and distinctly bored by Amy Grimwood; more bored than she had ever been in her life.

The other woman watched the door, too—her pallor had now given way to a feverish flush, and the furious beating of the pulse in her throat seemed to have come half-way across the room. Beatrice, talking to Miss Grisel, who had come upstairs, betrayed no emotion. She seemed to feel the support of some strong unseen power, and the frightful nervous irritability of an hour ago had vanished; the conviction had come to her that that would be well and that God would see to it that John Heron escaped pure and clear of the taint.

The Premier was the first to enter. He came in a little flushed, and with a shade more magnificence than usual in his manner, and following close on the great man's heels, with the slow, sinking tread of a tiger-cat, came Paul Carew. He formed a marked contrast to the well-touted men who followed him, his ill-fitting dress clothes flapping loosely round his lean limbs, his tie a wisp of rusty black, his studs obviously brass, and yet the man looked a gentleman—only one who had gone under or else spent years apart from his kind.

He cast a quick glance round the room, and then advanced quickly towards Lady Cary sat. The little lady flashed her eyes and smiled; then a flush spread all over her neck and face, and she turned and addressed herself to another man, for Paul Carew, taking no notice of the invitation of her place, had seated himself on the sofa by the side of Amy Grimwood, instead of taking the vacant chair near her own.

Amy shivered and blanched, covering back against some cushions. The dreaded moment had come, and with some faint, almost formless idea of hiding her agonised soul from the cruel eyes of him so mercilessly on her, she put up the slender barrier of her fan, but her hands trembled so that she could hardly hold it, and the pretty toy shook and wavered.

"Let me fan you," said Paul Carew. He took the fan from her unresisting fingers, and began to flutter it slowly backwards and forwards, still staring and smiling at her.

"Surely we have met before," he said at last; "I think we were good friends years ago—but perhaps I remember what it suits you best to forget. That is quite true, is it not, Amy?" He pronounced her name in a low voice, but with triumphant vindictiveness.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

Is Florence Maybrick Guilty?

(Continued from page 5.)

master goes to see her—her looking that black all the while—and then it seems all right; but I seen the way she looks at him when he isn't looking."

"D'ye think it was about him as come here and wrote that letter?"

"No, silly, it was a quite different one. Why, I seen—" and then follows a long description of things seen and imagined, and ever the worst interpretation is put upon them.

Servants always the worst. Not necessarily out of malice, but because it adds to their sense of importance.

"THE DEAD LURK."

There can be no doubt that, if she did not hope, Mrs. Briggs expected the worst. She probably knew a great deal more than James Maybrick about the state of his wife's affections. And had not the letter which she fetched for Mrs. Maybrick from the General Post Office laid the foundation of countless delicate and wretched surmises?

Whose was the handwriting of that address? Anyone could see that it was cramped and disguised.

Balzac, who knew more than anyone else of these matters, points out that a person who wishes to discover the "leading gentleman" of a scandal has but a limited choice—never greater than five, of whom three can promptly be eliminated. Mrs. Briggs had not so far to look.

Again, her dislike of Mrs. Maybrick was increased for a reason, which only a woman can understand. If she has been surprised or compelled into a confidence she hates the person in whom she has trusted. And so, to use a flower of criminal slang, the dead lurk began. Five, if not six, women were waiting to trip one. Nor was their opportunity long delayed.

FACTS AND FLY-PAPERS.

Somewhere about April 24 Mrs. Maybrick bought some fly-papers from Thomas Symington Wokes, a chemist in Aighbarn, with whom the family had an account. She said that the flies were beginning to get troublesome in the kitchen, an unlikely statement, which afterwards turned out to be incorrect. But Florence Maybrick was always careless in her handling of the truth. This should be remembered.

The papers were taken to the house by the errand boy, and it has been proved that Mr. Maybrick lifted up the parcel and looked at it. The wonder is that with his arsenic-eating habits he did not think of tasting the papers.

On the 25th she went to another chemist, Christopher Hanson, of Cressington, with whom the family also had an account. They certainly did a large trade in chemicals. She bought a lotion of tincture of benzoin and elderflower water. She also bought two dozen fly-papers, each of which contained from one to two-and-a-half grains of arsenic.

The extraordinary point here is that if Mrs. Maybrick's story about using arsenic with elderflower water, lavender, and benzoin as a cosmetic be correct, she did not instruct the chemist to make up the whole mixture. True, in the second case the papers were displayed prominently on the shop counter, and the purchase may have been an afterthought. But the fact remains that for one reason or another she bought fly-papers.

Another parcel of fly-papers had been discovered in the kitchen by the cook as far back as October, 1898, and were rediscovered in the butter's pantry by the waiters there before Mrs. Maybrick died. There is no need to take any count of these. The two more recent purchases alone are in question.

HOW SUSPICION GREW.

A fortnight or three weeks after the Grand National Bessie Brierley found some fly-papers in the chief bedroom, Mrs. Maybrick being in the room, or just outside it, at the time. They were in a small sponge basin covered with a towel, laid on a plate in the basin, which was also covered with a towel.

The observant Alice Yapp remarked that the quantity of liquid was small. This fact, too, should be remembered. Bessie Brierley had restrained her agitation till some time after dinner, and between three and four—, as she said, two hours afterwards—Alice Yapp felt that her curiosity deserved to be satisfied. She also owned that she felt an innocent desire to satisfy herself that Bessie Brierley had made a mistake when she talked of such portentous affairs as fly-papers being in the house. Mary Cadwallader also heard of the matter.

Now, though the servants denied that these fly-papers aroused their suspicions, they admitted that they formed the subject of at least one conversation, during which the cook informed the others that fly-papers were sometimes used for cleaning silk. Probably the conversations were frequent and free.

But in the minds of these servants the fly-papers had another use.

In 1894 two wretched women of the Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prigg class, named Flanagan and Higgins, had been executed at Walton Gaol, Liverpool, for several murders. Their practice was to insure the lives of their victims and then invite them to drink tea out of a pot which contained arsenic extracted from fly-papers. There can be no doubt that her charitable servant girls were classing Mrs. Maybrick with Flanagan and Higgins.

Alice Yapp's evidence is rather confusing, for her answers lack precision, and Sir Charles Russell appears to have frightened her; but it was cer-

tainly not the letter, of which a great deal will soon be heard, that roused her suspicions.

Mr. Maybrick was taken ill on the day of the Wirral races—April 27. Surely, here was the answer to the anxious curiosity of the servants, especially Yapp's.

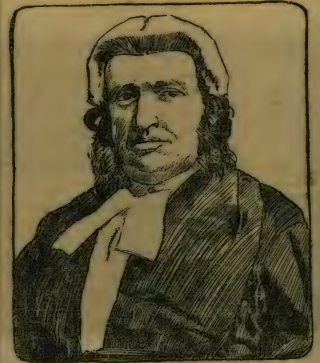
Mary Cadwallader was not long in extending her suspicions; on Sunday, the 28th, she made some arrowroot, which was poured into a jug. The jug contained something dark which Cadwallader had not put there. It turned out to be vanilla, which the cook had added. Still, it was enough to keep the flame of suspicion going.

Worse happened on the 29th.

The cook made bread and milk for Mr. Maybrick's breakfast. In consequence of something Cadwallader said, she tasted it when it was brought back, very little having been eaten, and, behold, it was sweetened! It was proved that Mr. Maybrick very often did sweeten his own bread and milk. The incident shows how hard it is to lull suspicions once aroused. And the food may have been doctored by Mrs. Maybrick. There is no proof either way, but in this case suspicion is quite legitimate.

On May 4, after Maybrick had shown symptoms of recovery, the cook took some medicine into his bedroom, and Mrs. Maybrick reproved her, as she had given instructions that everything that went into the bedroom was to go through her own hands. Most people will think that the precaution was necessary, in view of her husband's drug-eating habits, but it certainly would cause comment in an excited household.

On May 6 Mrs. Maybrick poured a bottle of "that horrid medicine from London" down the sink, saying to the cook, "a little more of that



The late Mr. Justice Stephen, who passed sentence of death upon Mrs. Maybrick, which was afterwards commuted to penal servitude.—(From a photograph by Bassano.)

and your master would have been a dead man." More wagging of heads.

On May 7 Mrs. Maybrick telegraphed to her brother-in-law Edwin to send up his friend, Dr. McCheane, to consult with Dr. Humphreys, but Dr. Carter came instead, and formed no suspicion of arsenical poisoning. He diagnosed acute dyspepsia. Early on the 8th Mrs. Maybrick got Dr. Humphreys to telegraph for a nurse.

MRS. BRIGGS TAKES A HAND.

On the same morning, doubtless in consequence of what she had heard, Mrs. Briggs called, as she had frequently done before. She was received by Yapp, who said,

"Missis is poisoning master."

According to her evidence she then went unblushingly into Mrs. Maybrick's bedroom, closely followed by the wife, and began to talk to him. Mrs. Maybrick interposed, and said if Mrs. Briggs would go downstairs she would tell her what was the matter.

Thereupon (according to this evidence) Mrs. Briggs went downstairs. Mrs. Maybrick did not tell her anything, or, at all events, Mrs. Briggs did not remember what she said. As Mrs. Briggs was in the habit of making very precise statements this lapse of memory is peculiar.

Again we come to a conflict of evidence. From Dr. Humphreys we know that when Mrs. Briggs called a nurse had already been engaged. Yet Mrs. Briggs says definitely that when she suggested a nurse Mrs. Maybrick declared that there was no need for one, as she herself would nurse her husband. She added, according to Mrs. Briggs, that Dr. Humphreys agreed with her.

It is possible to attach too much importance to this conflict of evidence. There was subdued friction between the two women, and Mrs. Maybrick may have done no more than—in effect—tell Mrs. Briggs to mind her own business.

To do so was the last thought that entered this officious woman's head. She went straight off to the telegraph office, and wired to Mr. Michael Maybrick—the well-known composer, then resident in London—saying,

"COME AT ONCE, STRANGE THINGS GOING ON HERE."

She also sent another telegram in Mrs. Maybrick's name, which she herself wrote, however, calling in another nurse. As Mrs. Maybrick paid for this telegram, the incident is important. Remember that all this time Mrs. Briggs was professing undying attachment to the other woman. Mr. Maybrick, having received two other

telegrams to the same purport from his brother Edwin, immediately went to Liverpool, and was met at Edge Hill by Edwin, to whom Mrs. Briggs had already communicated her suspicions. Edwin had returned from America on April 25, and was in Liverpool. The point to be remembered here is that Mr. Michael Maybrick was sent for before Alice Yapp intercepted the letter, of which we shall shortly speak.

Before Michael arrived Edwin had a conversation with Alice Yapp in the garden of Battlesacre House. It must have been prolonged, for they were seated. In the course of this conversation Alice Yapp produced the incriminating letter which Mrs. Maybrick had told her was to catch the 3.45 post—in order, presumably, that it might be delivered to Mr. Brierley that night. According to Yapp, the baby dropped the letter in the mud, and she went to it. It did not occur to her to put the dirty envelope in the clean one. And she swore that although she had been told of "soup, and bread and milk, and things tasting differently," she had no suspicion of her mistress till she saw the letter. She swore also that she did not open the letter deliberately because she suspected her mistress.

Here the demeanour of the witness is important. Yapp was excessively nervous, flushed painfully at times, hesitated in her answers, and, although she was being very gently treated by Sir Charles Russell, evidently stood in terror of him.

The letter which was the impression was that she opened the letter because she suspected her mistress. The envelope did not seem to have been in contact with mud.

THE FATAL LETTER.

Yapp swore that she would have posted the letter if she had not seen the words "My darling."

This is what Mrs. Maybrick wrote to her lover:—
Dearest—Your letter under cover to J. came to hand just after I gave them to you on Monday. I did not expect to hear from you so soon, and delay occurred in giving him the necessary instructions. Since my return I have been nursing all day and night. He is sick unto death. The doctors held a consultation yesterday, and now all depends on how long his strength will hold out. Both my brothers-in-law are here, and we are terribly anxious. I cannot answer your letter to-day, my darling, but will relieve your mind from all fear of discovery now or in the future. M. has been delicious since Sunday, and I know that he is perfectly ignorant of everything, even of the name of the street, and also that he has not been making any inquiries whatever. The tale he told me was a pure fabrication, and only intended to frighten the truth out of me. In fact, he believes my statement, although he will not admit it. You need not, therefore, go abroad on this ground, dearest; but, in any case please do not leave England until I have seen you once again. You must feel that those two letters of mine were written under circumstances which must ever excuse their injustice in your eyes. Do you suppose I could act as I am doing if I merely felt what I inferred? If you wish to write to me about anything do so now, as all the letters pass through my hands at present. Excuse this scrawl, my darling, but I dare not leave the room for a moment, and I do not know when I shall be able to write to you again. In haste, yours ever, Florrie."

MISSTATEMENTS.

Now, this letter contains several misstatements:—
(1) "He is sick unto death." This phrase was frequently used against Mrs. Maybrick in court. Yet, on the 8th, Dr. Carter thought he would recover, and Dr. Humphreys considered that he was going on favourably. From the Sunday there had been no signs of delirium.

(2) "Both my brothers-in-law are here." Incorrect; but Mrs. Maybrick may have known that Michael had been telegraphed for. Before Mrs. Briggs's visit the wisdom of sending for Michael had been discussed, but, according to Edwin's evidence, James thought it unnecessary.

(3) "I dare not leave the room for a moment." She did so frequently. She followed both Mrs. Briggs and Michael closely upstairs; which shows that she must have been outside when they arrived at the house.

The prosecution held the view that this letter indicated a murderous intention.

How should Florence Maybrick know that James was sick unto death when the medical men thought that he would recover?

QUESTIONS.

What did she mean by that phrase, "Do you suppose that I could act as I am doing if I merely felt what I inferred." What she had inferred was that Brierley was not worth the affection she lavished on him.

Perhaps Mrs. Maybrick merely wished to exaggerate the death she had encountered in communicating with her lover. "Il n'est si bon que femme n'assole," and the process of fooling may have begun.

Michael Maybrick thought otherwise, and so did Edwin.

Michael told the Judge that when first he saw his brother he was shocked at his condition, and could hardly remember what he said.

He told Mrs. Maybrick, however, that he had strong suspicions of the case.

"What do you mean?" she said, breathlessly, believing that she knew what he would say.

He said only one thing, and the couple to have called in nurses and another doctor earlier.

Did she believe him?

(To be continued.)

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It is written by W. S. Rice, Rupture Surgeon, 74, W. S. Rice's method. Mr. Harding says—"I am pleased to say I am cured of my rupture, and I have not worn my truss since last August. I have had a very severe cough ever since I suffered from indigestion three years ago, and though it still continues it does not affect my cure. I am as strong as I ever was in my life."

Those who are requested to write at once for this free book. No matter if you are wearing some form of truss that affords some relief, send at once and learn how ruptures have been cured. Book and name will be sent at once.

delay from work. This book contains advice that may save your life. If you write at once before this remarkable free offer is withdrawn, he will also send you a free sample of his method which has cured thousands of ruptures.



Mr. W. S. RICE

SPORT OR MONEY?

How Horses Belonging to Some Stables Are Raced.

"STRAIGHT" OWNERS RETIRE.

Quite a sensation has been caused by the statement that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has definitely expressed his intention of not running any more of his horses in handicaps, and the position is made acute by the formal retirement for the present from the Turf of such men as the Earl of Dunraven, Sir Richard Walpole, and Mr. Leonard Brasse. The last-named, though a very young man, has been a Steward of the Jockey Club, and his keenness in racing needs no emphasising here. It is asserted that these gentlemen are retiring because of the practical injustice done in the present system of handicapping to men who run their horses simply and straight. The forward running of horses, without finesse or trickery, places such candidates always at heavy weights, whereas the so-called "clever stables" in running bites with animals either unfit or unbacked, ultimately get the desired chance, when their owners are able to gamble with confidence.

Content to Wait a Year.

Names are mentioned of owners who are content to wait not for weeks or a month, but for a year, before reckoning the opportune moment has arrived for a plunge. Cases in point are quoted. They are on everybody's lips. But it is not desirable to mention them here, for this is a matter which the Jockey Club should deal with, rather than the Law Courts, on a litigious question of libel.

The reported marvellous success of certain stables for several years past, when analysed, shows that success has been achieved by a process of blinding the handicappers. Horses fat, unfit, and unbacked make a sorry display, which the betting shows was anticipated by the sharps concerned. That it was not absolute incapacity, in a racing sense, of the horses, is proved by their condition on the course when not backed, and by their subsequent triumph when the medium of heavy gambling. In such a game owners who race for sport's sake have no opportunity of attaining legitimate success. It is as a matter of hard fact a system of patiently contrived robberies. Sometimes, indeed, a man identified with a certain stable as a betting commissioner, throws away a few hundred pounds to make a market show in a race, in which he knows the horse concerned is not meant to win and holds not a 1,000 to 1 chance. The animal of course runs badly, but the ground-baiting has been done with a view to the future.

In other cases there is not a penny betted, and the horse starts without a quotation, or, mayhap, at ridiculously long odds, which to the initiated proclaim trumpet-tongued that he is a wrong 'un, as the racing phrase runs.

Commonplaces of the Turf.

Do you know whether such and such is fancied? is an everyday question. If he is not fancied, that is to say, if the betting does not show that money is down, no careful, not to say ordinary Turfite, will put a shilling on him. He knows full well that in such cases the horse is not meant to win, the candidate is merely out for an airing. These things are veritable commonplaces of the Turf; and they are illuminated at intervals, when a horse who has been nowhere, so to speak, for six months, suddenly pops up backed for tons of money, and wins easily.

Meanwhile the owners of the first class, who have been running their horses straight and fairly, find them so heavily weighted relatively with their capacity, that they hold no chance.

These matters are the subject of severe criticism, but they have not up to the present awakened the practical attention of the Stewards of the Jockey Club. It required the statement of Mr. de Rothschild and the retirement of Lord Dunraven, Mr. Brasse, and Sir R. Walpole-Griffith to bring the matter to a crisis.

As to the present powers of the handicappers and the way their business is done, it is sufficient at this moment to say that the mere form on the book of races past should not be taken as an absolute guide in adjusting the weights.

The character of the people concerned is at least as important a factor as the immediately preceding displays on the racetrack.

Inquiries made in London yesterday regarding what is described as a "Turf scandal" were fruitless. Many of the most prominent owners are not in town, while others diplomatically refused to be interviewed.

ALPINE CLIMBERS KILLED.

From Sion (Valais) an English tourist, of the name of Zieman, was struck by a piece of rock on the Grand Glacier and had his arm crushed. A goldsmith of Schmaz, named Mercade, has been killed by falling over a precipice, and the son of a guide, named Pingerra, has been drowned in a torrent near Suldén.

CITY HONOURS FOR LORD CURZON.

Lord Curzon to-day receives the Freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall.

Proceedings for the twelve o'clock, and accommodation has been provided for 1,500 persons, including several members of Parliament.

BICYCLES FOR NOTHING.

Where the "Mirror" Machines Will Be Found.

FREE FOR READERS.

To-morrow afternoon Londoners will have a novel experience.

There will, during the afternoon, be three brand new *Mirror* bicycles in the streets of the metropolis waiting to be claimed by whoever can unravel certain clues which will be published in to-morrow's issue.

Each machine will be in charge of a *Mirror* representative, and will be ready to be ridden home at once by the fortunate finder, provided he can produce a copy of the *Mirror* of to-morrow's date.

Roughly the plan of campaign will be as follows:—

At three o'clock to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon three *Mirror* cycles, each ridden by a representative of this paper, will start from fixed points in London, and will proceed by a certain route to a definite destination.

They will be timed to pass certain well-defined land marks at fixed times, and these places of call will be indicated in the clues published to-morrow morning.

The bicycles will be ridden slowly, and will bear a distinctive mark which will make it impossible to mistake any other machines for them.

"I Want That—"

All that searchers have to do is to keep a look out for these machines, and immediately upon seeing one to accost the rider with the remark, "I want that *Mirror* cycle, please," at the same time holding out a copy of the *Daily Mirror* dated July 21.

If the formula of words is not adhered to, or if a copy of the *Mirror* is not produced, the rider will not stop, but will proceed on his journey until someone fulfils the conditions accurately.

The three localities where *Mirror* cycles should be looked for are the W.C. district of London, within a half-mile circle of Tottenham-Court-road; the E.C. district, within half a mile of Mansion House-square; and the W. district, within half a mile of Piccadilly-circus.

Full particulars and clues will appear to-morrow. The following specification of the *Mirror* machines, which have been specially built, and would be listed at £10 10s., may interest those who intend to look for them.

They are of the best English steel; triple enamelled, superior nickel-plated, and with nickel-plated rims, and are provided with a free wheel and strong front rim brake. Dunlop tyres are fitted, and a lamp, bell, tool-bag, tools, and inflator render them complete in every way.

The machines are 1904 model, English built, and are thoroughly excellent and reliable in every detail.

MR. GILBERT AS ACTOR.

Hamlet with Variations at the Garrick Theatre.

Before a most distinguished audience was performed yesterday afternoon, at the Garrick Theatre, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," a light burlesque of "Hamlet," with its distinguished author, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, in an important part.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert took the rôle of King Claudius of Denmark, and very well he played it. In the first of the tableaux—the piece was described as "A Tragic Episode, in Three Tableaux"—Mr. Gilbert portrayed the horror of an unsuccessful playwright king, whose drama, in spite of royal protection and a packed house, had enjoyed a run of exactly ten minutes, during which time it seemed to have been regarded as a farce. This, Mr. Gilbert, impressively argued in right royal robes, told to his faithful Queen (Lady Collin Campbell), and explained that any reference to that unfortunate dramatic venture meant death.

Hamlet's Downfall.

The Hamlet of Captain Robert Marshall was the most depressing and tedious that has ever been seen. His gloomy look, made all the more horrible by a constant supply of limelight, his awful habit of soliloquy, his rusty garb, were all cunningly barbed.

It was with laughter which grew more and more hearty that the audience heard his soliloquies. He stopped by Rosencrantz and Guildenstern (Mr. Leo Trevelyan and Mr. Paul Rubens), and it was with something approaching enthusiasm that they heard his ruin encompassed by Ophelia (Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley) and the two courtiers.

Hamlet's ruin was caused by his production, at the instigation of the trio, of the King's forgotten play. It was a play which fatally appealed to him, for it consisted entirely of "murders tempered with soliloquies." Mr. W. S. Gilbert, in representing the horror of a king who sees his wretched piece again, brought down the house. Sir F. C. Burnand and Miss Col Graves were the funniest actors of that lamentable production.

The entertainment was in aid of the Bushey Heath Cottage Hospital, and attracted a very large and distinguished audience.

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You know you cannot have a good figure without a well-developed bust. To those of us of least my wonderful specific "Vest" will positively increase size of bust 6 inches in 3 to 4 weeks, this guarantee also holds in neck, chest, etc. As a developer and skin beautifier it has no equal; even first application makes a wonderful improvement; quite harmless, effect permanent. 10 years' reputation, specially low price for 3 weeks to "D.M." readers, one jar, 2s. (usually 3s.), double size, 3s. 6d., post paid. Money returned if not satisfied. Address Mrs. HUTHCHIN, 4, Holborn Viaduct, London, and at Paris.

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PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A. A.—How Money Makes Money.—Put free to all mentioning this paper. Will clearly show anybody with £1 capital upwards how large profits may be made. £10 can make from £100 per week! Not so bad, is it? Capital returnable at any moment.—Ridley and Steiner, 11, Poultry, London, E.C.

FIVE POUNDS TO 2000 ADVANCED, on shortest notice, £1 on approved note of hand, on your own security; repayments to suit borrower's convenience; strictly private; no fees or charges unless business completed.—Call or write for full particulars to the actual lender, James Winter, No. 259, Banstead, Forest Gate, E. London; 9915 Letchworth.

INVESTMENT.—A business man requires £100; £12 interest per annum guaranteed.—Write Balfour, 117, Addison terrace, Earl's Court, W.

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MONEY-BOXES for Adults and Children.—A unique invention to insure five per cent. interest paid on sums deposited; boxes sent post free, or supplied on personal application to Parsons Credit Bank, Ltd., 87, Gracechurch-st., London, E.C.

STAGE.—Required a partner, or subscriber to a limited company, for the purpose of securing a large profit on this year and onwards at No. 1 theatre; parts open. Genuine investor or partner address "Comely," Box 836, Willing, 128, Strand, W.C.

STOCK EXCHANGE.—Clients who purchased Canadian Pacific at 125, can now make £70 profit on each 50 shares opened.—Wire for similar reliable information, A. Lindsay and Co., 4, Broad-st., London, E.C.

CONSOLE.—Discreet, London, 9915 Letchworth.

£5 to £1000 Advanced to householders and others on approved note of hand; no securities required; trade bills discounted on shortest notice; strictly private and confidential.—Before borrowing elsewhere, call on actual lender, J. Vincent, 14, Lillingstone-gate, Islington, London.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

A PARTMENTS close to sea; good rooms.—Mrs. Copper, Aberystwyth, Gwynedd, Wales.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Homeless Boarding House; most comfortable; near gardens, pier, tram; 25s. 30s.

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SOUTHEAST.—Furnished apartments; private house; piano, bath; terms moderate.—C. Christchurch-rd.

TWO nice Rooms to let, without attendance, in healthy situation.—The Elm, 2, Beaufort, Ashford, Kent.

YARMOUTH.—Wanted, well-sitting-room for married couple and 2 children, 2 weeks in August.—Reply, Box 1467, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

CYCLES. Accessories; astonishing bargains; catalogue free.—D. Symonds' Stores, Ltd., 128, City-rd., London.

LADY'S Cycle, free-wheel; two rim brakes, plated rims, enamelled black (gold lines); British tyres; never ridden 27 lbs.; cost £15.—Call, 128, City-rd., S.W.

NEARLY New Singer Grand Model de Luxe Gent's Tricycle; ridden 50 miles only; cost £25; will take 25s.; a bargain.—Aldison, 132, Brompton, S.W.

SMART Modern Motor-car (De Dion); seat 4; petrol; perfect condition; similar car, seat 2; light, easy running; complete, 1800 cc. engine, 1000 cc. oil, 257 10s.; room wanted.—See 54, Blackfriars-rd., E.C.

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HOME for Domestic Pets; every care and attention.—R. S. Fryer, 12, Liverpool, King's Cross, London.

PARROT, young Amazon, talking; large cage; genuine; £2 10s.—31, Dutton-rd., Leyton.

POODLES clipped latest fashion, 4s. each.—Skinner, 62, Wellesley-rd., Finsbury.

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CAMBERWELL.—Unfurnished, three rooms; first floor; automatic gas, water, etc.; five minutes from train, and Myatt's Park; to children.—109, Lifford-rd.

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Other Small Advertisements appear on page 16.

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The jury, however, awarded the plaintiff \$2000 and costs.

YORKSHIRE'S PLUCK.

After Being Headed by Surrey
the Northerners Retrieve
Their Position.

HAYES AND DENTON BAT WELL.

Yorkshire had to fight a stern battle at the Oval yesterday against heavy odds; but thanks to some very good batting they left off in a much better position than they could have hoped for, being 19 runs ahead with eight wickets in hand at the close.

The interest in the match, as might have been expected after the fine cricket shown by the Surrey eleven, was more than maintained, the attendance being considerably larger than on Monday, and the weather could not have been more delightful.

Surrey's innings, in which such a good start had been made, lasted till close upon three o'clock, the overnight score of 161 for three wickets being increased to 349. So even was the batting that no partnership list was compiled, the seven wickets having fallen produced less than 20 runs. Hayes took the honours with a brilliantly hit 104. In third wicket down at 159, he was the eighth man out, the total when he left the field being 104. He was batting for two hours and a quarter, and except for one or two strokes that fell out of the park, he was in his best style. He was found with his display, his mastery over the bowling being complete. Among his figures were ten 4's.

Hayes found his best partners in Holland and Lord Dalmeny, the fourth wicket adding 50 runs, and the sixth in twenty-five minutes putting on 48. Two catches were missed, but as the batsmen were not either blundered had any effect on the game.

In facing a majority of 187 runs Yorkshire had a tremendous task, and it was not till 10.15 that Wilkinsons and Rothery, who opened the innings, sent up 50 in as many minutes; but at 56 Rothery was bowled in trying to hit a half-volley to square. Then they joined Wilkinsons, and in less than a hour and a half the two batsmen took the score to 149. Very unsteady at first, Denton soon settled down, and played in his best style. Wilkinsons' invaluable innings was closed by a catch at slip. He was in for two hours and twenty minutes, and showed admirable defence. He was out when Denton and Tunnicliffe scored steadily till the drawing of stumps.

Present score and analysis—

YORKSHIRE.			
First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Rhodes, b. Niece	31	c Hayes b Gooder	51
H. Wilkinsons, b. Niece	21	c Hayes b Gooder	51
Denton, c. Hayes	21	not out	21
Tunnicliffe, b. Niece	21	not out	26
Hirst, b. Less	37		
Wright, c. Stedman	31		
Niece	31		
Haigh, b. Niece	2		
Rothery, b. Niece	2		
Lord Hawke, b. Niece	0		
Myers, not out	21		
Denton, b. Niece	2		
Extras	19		
Total	162	Total (2 wickets)	206

BOWLING ANALYSIS.			
YORKSHIRE—First Innings.		SURREY—First Innings.	
Niece	27.5	Hayes	0
Less	26.10	Gooder	5.2
Hirst	34.7	Gooder	5.2
Myers	25.4	Gooder	5.2
Haigh	26.4	Gooder	5.2
Wright	34.7	Gooder	5.2
Niece	27.5	Gooder	5.2
Less	26.10	Gooder	5.2
Hirst	34.7	Gooder	5.2
Myers	25.4	Gooder	5.2
Haigh	26.4	Gooder	5.2
Wright	34.7	Gooder	5.2
Niece	27.5	Gooder	5.2
Less	26.10	Gooder	5.2
Hirst	34.7	Gooder	5.2
Myers	25.4	Gooder	5.2
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